

THROUGH
* THE LANE
OF STARS

By
SISTER M. ELEANORE

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Through the Lane
of Stars

Nihil obstat

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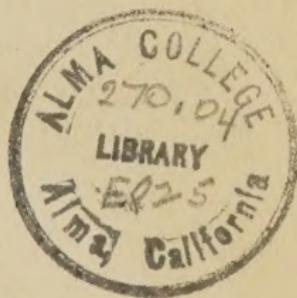
Through the Lane of Stars

BY

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Author of "Troubadours of Paradise,"
"Certitudes," etc.

Foreword and Afterword by
Daniel A. Lord, S.J.



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To
Bobbie Shuster

*Come, little one,
With your hand in mine,
Through the lane of stars
We shall run,
Past the rising sun
And the clouds that shine
And the dawn with its golden bars;
On, on we shall run
Till high Heaven is won,
And we walk with saints who shine
On the darkness of earth, like stars.*

FOREWORD

*For Tom and Mary and John and Helen and
The Other Boys and Girls Who Open This Book*

RICKY and Mimsie are really very good to me. They let me pretend that I am their uncle.

Of course I'm not. But they act as if I were because they know it makes me smile with joy. Not having any real nieces or nephews of my own (which you will admit is not pleasant), I pretend that Ricky is my sturdy little nephew and that Mimsie is my sweet little niece.

It's a nice kind of game, a sort of "Let's Pretend"; and we all like to play it, all three of us.

One day I was telling Ricky and Mimsie stories.

Ricky was holding his new bow and arrow on his knee and looking very much like Robin Hood, while Mimsie was rocking her doll and calling it Snow White. But the two of them were listening to my stories about fairies and goblins and giants and dragons and the queer little people who live in the Irish hills.

At last I stopped for breath; but Ricky, who can give orders like a young prince, and Mimsie, who can make me do anything when she asks with her prettiest please, said:

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“Don’t stop. Tell us some more.”

“Well,” I said, “suppose I tell you about St. Francis and the wolf, or about St. Hubert and the stag, or about the bread that turned to roses in the apron of St. Elizabeth.”

Ricky looked restless and picked up his bow and arrows as if he meant to be going.

“I’d rather hear about Robin Hood,” he said.

“And,” said Mimsie, smiling at me sweetly, “I would rather you told me about Cinderella and the prince who loved her.”

“But,” I objected, “there’s a very wonderful story of how St. Christopher carried a little boy over the river on his shoulders, and how the little boy became so heavy that—”

“That’s just like Sinbad and the Little Old Man of the Sea,” Ricky took pains to tell me.

“It’s a little bit like that,” I agreed, “but a whole lot different. The Little Old Man of the Sea was a horrid demon and the little boy was the Infant Jesus.”

“Oh,” they both said, and looked interested for the first time.

“Well,” I asked, “which shall it be? Or shall I tell you about St. George and the Dragon, or how St. Joan rode on her war horse to beat the enemies of her country?”

“Tell us about Robin Hood,” Ricky insisted.

“And then about Cinderella,” pleaded Mimsie. So I did; though I knew they were missing much

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better stories than the ones I was telling them.

For there is not a hero in all the fairy tales half as brave as St. Lawrence or St. Louis or the Curé D'Ars or Blessed Isaac Jogues. There is not a princess in Hans Andersen or Grimm half as lovely as St. Agnes or St. Cecelia or the Little Flower. And the wonders of the fairy tales are not nearly so marvelous as the wonders which the Saints did when they worked their miracles.

It's true that Jack went out and chopped the heads off giants; it quite frightens us when we think of how ugly they were and how fiercely they gnawed the bones of the victims. But St. Peter and St. Paul went into a land full of ugly idols that were really fierce and gigantic demons who destroyed little children and the souls of grown people. And the Saints attacked these giants so bravely that they beat them utterly and drove them out of the world.

Prince Charming loved Cinderella so well that he went searching for her all through his kingdom. The King of Heaven, Our Blessed Lord, loved men and women so well, that He came down from the sky, walked through the world asking men and women to love Him, and died of grief because they refused. And when He found anybody who really loved Him, as St. Mary Magdalen did, or St. Catherine, or St. Theresa, He gave her His heart and called her His bride.

The prince who rescued Sleeping Beauty had

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to cut his way through a dense forest that a witch had caused to grow. St. Patrick and St. Augustine had to cut their way through dark forests in Ireland and England where sorcerers and magicians, called Druids, killed men and women and little children to the honor of false gods.

A fairy godmother watched over the princesses in the fairy tales. An angel from heaven watched over St. Cecelia.

And if Aladdin had a wishing lamp that did wonderful things, and if Merlin could perform magic when he waved his wand, the things they did seem very silly compared to what the Apostles did when their shadows cured a lame man and made him walk, or St. Francis Xavier, when he raised men from the dead, or St. Philip Neri, when he read the thoughts of those who talked to him, or St. Anthony, when he did so many wonders that people called him the “Wonder-worker.”

The Saints really did far braver things than the heroes of the fairy stories. Many of them fought terrible enemies. Many of them died rather than do wrong. And while witches and fairies might turn people into toads, or mice into white horses, the Saints turned sinners into saints, and took bread and with the words of consecration at Mass turned it into the Body of Our Savior.

So I wished that somebody could come along

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and tell Ricky and Mimsie the stories of the Saints that they felt I told so badly.

The story teller came at last. It is Sister Mary Eleanore, who wrote this book.

First of all, I'll tell you about Sister Mary Eleanore. She loves boys and girls so much that they know as soon as they look at her that she is their friend. Everywhere she goes, you see children running after her as if she were a sort of lady Pied Piper. And when she tells them her stories, they sit and listen by the hour.

For she knows a lot of wonderful things about the Saints. She loves the Saints, you see, and she has learned all she could about them. And she tells thrillingly of their bravery and their beauty and the wonders they did. When she starts to talk about them, boys and girls sit around in a breathless circle and listen and listen and listen.

I often wished that she could tell Ricky and Mimsie about the Saints. They would love the Saints, I was sure, if she told the stories instead of me. But how could she tell them when Ricky and Mimsie were here and she was way off there?

Then one day, through the mail, I got a big fat envelope, and when I opened it, out popped one of Sister Mary Eleanore's stories written just the way she tells it to boys and girls.

“Whoopee!” I shouted with joy, and I sat right down and read it.

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“Now,” I cried, when I had read it, “Sister Mary Eleanore will not have to make the long trip to tell stories to Ricky and Mimsie, and Ricky and Mimsie will not have to go to her. They can read her stories or have Mother read them aloud, and it will be next best to sitting in a circle about her feet and hearing her tell about St. Francis and St. Christopher and the lovely Little Flower that God picked for His garden.”

And I thought, too, of all the other Rickies and Mimsies in the world, and how happy they would be when they would read the stories Sister Mary Eleanore had to tell them about the Saints.

So I shouted “Whoopee!” again.

Now, Tom and Mary and Jack and Helen and the rest of you boys and girls, snuggle down into your favorite chair and let Sister tell you the loveliest stories in the world.

No, that is not quite true; these are not the loveliest stories, not quite. The loveliest story of all is the story of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Calvary, the story of the beautiful Baby that was born on Christmas and became the brave Hero Who saved the world.

But these are the next best stories in the world, for they are the stories of the men and women who tried to be as much like that Hero as men and women could possibly be. They tried so hard that they grew to look like Him and act like Him and talk like Him and do miracles like Him.

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Sit, while you meet the heroes that are far more splendid than Jack of the Beanstalk fame or Ali Baba who beat the robbers, and the heroines who are far lovelier than Sleeping Beauty or Snow White or the princess who loved Aladdin.

Sit, and hear the story of your elder brothers and sisters, the Saints.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

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THE GIANT WHO CARRIED THE
CHRIST CHILD



ST. CHRISTOPHER OF CANAAN

THE GIANT WHO CARRIED THE CHRIST CHILD

How THE GIANT OFFERO BEGAN TO SERVE A GREAT KING

*O Jesus, live within my heart
And never let sin make us part.*

ONCE, long ago, a heathen king lived in Canaan, or Arabia. This heathen king's wife was a Christian. The king and queen wanted a little son. So the queen asked our Blessed Lady to get them the child. And one bright beautiful morning a little son was born to the king and queen.

They were very, very happy. The king named the child Offero. He dedicated the child to the gods Apollo and Machmet, with great ceremony and with rich gifts. The good mother stayed in her room during this ceremony. When the king brought the baby back to her, she took her little son to an altar in a Christian church. She dedicated Offero to God and told God not to mind what the king had done, because the king did not know better.

The poor mother did not live to raise her child a Christian. Offero learned the heathen religion

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of his father. When Offero got to be a man he was a giant. He could lift great weights. He was very good and kind. He decided to go in search of the greatest king in the world and to offer his help to this king. So he set out from the land of Canaan.

Offero had a big staff in his hand. He used this staff to help himself over the rough places on his journey. He walked for days and days. His clothes got torn and dusty. His feet got very sore.

At last he came to a country whose king was called the bravest and strongest king in the world. "This is the king I will serve," said Offero.

Offero went into the huge palace. He walked through the halls to the throne room. The pages were frightened because he was so very big. The doorkeepers opened the doors wide because they, too, were afraid of the giant.

The king was not afraid of Offero. He was a brave king. When Offero came into the throne room and dropped on one knee to show honor to the king, the king raised him up by the hand. The king told the giant to stand before his throne. Then the king asked: "What favor do you ask of me?"

"I have come to serve you, O king," answered

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Offero, "because I have heard that you are the greatest king in all the world."

"Right royal welcome I give to you, good stranger. What is your name?"

"Offero," said the giant, "for I can bear great burdens."

"From this time your burden shall be to protect me," said the king. "You shall stand beside my throne."

Every day after this Offero stood beside the throne to keep any one from hurting the king. One day, while Offero was standing in his place, a minstrel came in. The minstrel sang songs to amuse the king. In his songs the minstrel several times said the name of Satan. Every time the minstrel said this the king made the Sign of the Cross. The king was a Christian.

Offero did not know what the sign meant. When the minstrel had gone he asked the king: "Tell me, O king, why did you make that strange sign? What does it mean?"

The king did not answer till Offero declared: "Unless you will tell me I will no longer serve you."

Then the king said: "My good Offero, the Sign of the Cross protects Christians from harm by Satan. I made this sign so that Satan could not harm me."

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“If you fear this Satan,” said Offero, “he is stronger than you. I shall seek him, therefore, and serve him.”

The king begged and begged Offero to stay with him. But Offero would not stay.

*Dear Jesus, when temptation comes to me
Grant that I may remember Calvary.*

HOW OFFERO BEGAN TO SERVE SATAN, THE PRINCE OF EVIL

Offero went from place to place looking for Satan. He walked on and on. At last he came to a desert. He saw a great army coming across the desert. At the head of the army was a huge terrible leader. This leader stopped when he met Offero and asked the giant:

“Where are you going?”

“I seek Satan that I may serve him,” answered Offero. “He is more powerful than any king.”

“I am Satan,” said the terrible leader.

Offero then joined the army of Satan. He did not like this army very well. The soldiers were cruel and wicked. They killed people and burned their houses.

The army went along a road till they came to a crossroads. A large Crucifix stood at the crossroads. When Satan and his army saw the Crucifix,

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fix they turned and ran across a stony and thorny field. Offero, who was beside Satan, could not understand why they did this. He asked Satan: "Why do your soldiers act afraid? You, too, are afraid?"

Satan did not answer for a moment. He did not like to tell Offero why he was afraid. Offero turned his back on Satan. Then Satan said: "Jesus Christ died upon the cross. Whenever I see a Crucifix I am afraid. He is greater than I am."

"If you are afraid even of a Crucifix, Jesus Christ must indeed be much greater than you are. I will no longer serve you. I will seek Jesus Christ."

Offero left the service of Satan and began to seek for our dear Lord. He did not know that our dear Lord is everywhere. He did not know that our dear Lord stays on our altars day and night. He passed Christian churches but did not know that he could find Jesus in them. Soon he came to a cave. A hermit was sitting before the cave. He was weaving baskets. He had a cross at his side. Offero walked up to the hermit and said:

"Can you tell me where I can find Jesus Christ? He is stronger than the greatest king and stronger even than Satan. I wish to serve Him."

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The hermit was not at all afraid of the giant. He smiled at him.

"The service of Jesus Christ will not be easy. You must give up your will. You must fast and do penance. You must pray also," he said.

"I do not know how to pray," answered Offero.

"I will tell you what you must do," said the hermit.

The hermit then led Offero to the bank of a stream. The stream was deep and swift. It flowed over sharp rocks. The hermit said:

"Sometimes this stream becomes deeper and swifter because of the rains. Many travelers have lost their lives in it. Stand on the bank of the stream and carry across the travelers who need help. You can serve Christ in the person of the needy."

*O dear St. Christopher,
Keep close to me,
That from the devil's power
I may be free.*

HOW OFFERO BECAME ST. CHRISTOPHER

Offero thought he would like this task very much. He made himself a bigger staff. Then he stood on the bank of the river. First, a poor old man came to Offero. The giant lifted the poor

Giant Who Carried the Christ Child

old man in his arms and stepped into the water. The old man did not seem a bit heavy to Offero. He set the old man down on the other bank of the river. The old man thanked him again and again. The old man went on and Offero returned across the river.

Many, many people came to Offero. He carried them across willingly. Offero made a cabin near the bank of the river, so that if any one came at night he could give help.

The hermit taught Offero some Christian prayers. He taught him the Sign of the Cross. Offero became happier and happier all the time. The years rolled on. Offero began to get older, but he was still very strong.

One cold winter night Offero was lying in his cabin asleep. Suddenly he sat up very straight. He heard a child's voice crying:

“Good Offero, come and carry Me over the river!”

Offero jumped up. He ran from his cabin. He ran to the bank of the river. He could not see any one. He went back to his cabin and lay down again. Soon he heard the Child's voice again crying:

“Dear, good Offero, come and carry Me over the river!”

Offero jumped up again. He ran from his

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cabin. He ran to the bank of the river. He could not see any one. He went back to his cabin and lay down again. Soon he heard the Child's voice again:

"Good, kind Offero, come and carry Me over the river!"

Offero was a patient man. He did not get angry. He jumped up again. He ran to the bank of the river. What do you think he saw? On the bank of the river stood the most beautiful little Boy in all the world. He had on a loose cloak. His dark curls fell softly on His shoulders. He looked up at the giant with soft, dark eyes. He lifted His arms to the giant and said:

"Good Offero, carry Me on your shoulders over the deep, dark river."

Offero stooped very low. He picked up the Child and set Him on one of his great shoulders. He stepped into the river and started across. Suddenly the stream rose to the giant's waist. It raged and foamed so that he slipped on the rocks. And the Child on his shoulder became so heavy that Offero could scarcely stand up.

Offero was afraid that he could not get across the river. He was almost sorry that he had taken the task of carrying people over the river. But he said a little prayer to Jesus. He said out loud: "Dear Jesus, I am doing this for You!"

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Suddenly the stream became quiet. Offero's burden became light. He walked easily out on the other bank of the stream. He set down the Child.

"My Child," he said, "whoever You are, You have nearly cost me my life. I felt as if the whole world were on my shoulder."

"Do not wonder, good Offero," said the Child; "this night you have carried on your shoulder not the world but Him Who made the world. I am Christ, Whom you have served so well during all these years. Your name shall now be Christopher, because you have carried Christ. That you may know the truth, plant now your staff in the ground. To-morrow you will find it covered with leaves and fruit."

Christopher planted his staff. He turned to worship Christ, but, lo, the Child had gone. Christopher sat all night by the river. When morning came his staff was like a palm tree. It was covered with leaves and fruit.

"Surely my Master is most good and powerful," said Christopher.

Christopher stayed by the river for some years longer. He helped many people across.

*St. Christopher, help me, like you
To think of Christ in all I do.*

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HOW CHRISTOPHER BECAME A MARTYR FOR CHRIST

At last our dear Lord told Christopher to go to Samos, a city of Lycia, in Asia Minor. When Christopher came to the city he found he could not speak the language of the people. He knelt and asked Christ to make him understand and speak the language of the people. When Christopher stood up from his prayer he could understand and speak the language of the people.

At this time the Christians of the city were being persecuted. Christopher saw Christians being dragged through the streets to the place of torture. He followed the crowd. When he came into the torture chamber he saw Christians being tortured cruelly. He cried out to the Christians:

“Be brave, my dear brothers! Suffer gladly for Jesus Christ.”

The judge told a soldier to strike Christopher across the face. The soldier struck the saint. Christopher said to the judge:

“My Master told me to endure such things for His sake. If He had not told me this I should punish you.”

Christopher went out the door. He stuck his staff into the ground. He asked God to let it bear leaves and fruit again. God answered his

Giant Who Carried the Christ Child

prayer. The staff was soon covered with leaves and fruit. Eight thousand people were converted at the sight. They knew Christopher's God must be the true God since He could do this.

The king of Lycia sent his soldiers to take Christopher to prison. The soldiers found him at prayer. They knelt to pray with him. Then they told him they must take him to the king.

"You cannot take me unless I wish, for I am too strong. But I will go with you. Bind my hands."

The soldiers told Christopher that they would like to serve his Master, Christ. They wanted to set him free. But he made them take him to the king.

When the king saw the great giant coming into the palace he was afraid. He called his slaves to help him. Then he asked Christopher his name.

The saint replied: "Before I was baptized I was called Offero. Now I am called Christopher."

The king cried out: "You are a fool to take the name of that Christ Who was crucified. He had no power against His enemies."

Christopher answered: "He is far more powerful than you are. You are cruel and wicked to slay the Christians."

This made the king very angry. He told his archers to shoot arrows at Christopher. They shot arrows. The arrows stopped in the air. One of the arrows flew and hit the king in the eye. The king yelled. Then he told the soldiers to cut off the head of Christopher.

“O king,” Christopher said, “I am ready to die. But when my blood is on the ground, do you take some of the earth that is wet with it. Put this earth on your eye. It will be healed.”

The soldiers cut off the head of Christopher. Then the king made his slaves bring some of the blood-soaked earth to him. They laid it on his eye. Instantly his eye was healed. The king received the gift of faith. He became a Christian.

This story of Christopher is perhaps not a story that really happened. But it is such an old story that parts of it must be true. At least we know that St. Christopher was a martyr for Christ under this king. The first king that Offero served may have been the love of power. He was perhaps a servant of Satan for a time. The river over which he helped people may have been troubles of many kinds. Perhaps our dear Lord came to him as a child in a vision. Our Lord has done this to many saints.

St. Christopher is the patron saint of travelers.

Giant Who Carried the Christ Child

In Catholic countries you will find his statue near
dangerous mountain passes and near bridges.

*Dear saint, be ever at my side
And safely all my footsteps guide.*

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON



ST. GEORGE OF ENGLAND

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON

THE STORY OF THE TERRIBLE DRAGON

*O Jesus, grant that I may be
A soldier brave to fight for Thee.*

LONG, long ago, when our dear Lord lived on earth and during many centuries afterwards, people liked stories and pious legends better even than we like them now. They believed in giants and fairies and strange, terrible monsters, like dragons. They liked stories so much that they wanted them in their sermons which taught them the truths of faith and morals.

Because people liked stories so much our dear Lord told them stories when He was preaching to them. These stories were called parables. Jesus called Himself the Good Shepherd and His people the sheep. He called the devil a roaring lion that goes about seeking whom he may devour. Lions kill sheep and even people, you know, and eat them. He also called the devil a wolf, because wolves, too, kill and eat sheep and even people.

In the Apocalypse, the last part of the Bible, which St. John wrote, the devil is shown as a

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great, terrible beast with seven heads and a tail so swift and strong that with one swish it pulled one-third of the stars from the sky.

Because people have always liked stories so much, they have made up some beautiful stories about the saints who lived in the first centuries after our dear Lord lived and founded His Church on earth. St. George was one of the saints about whom they made up many stories. One of the best stories is the story of St. George and the dragon.

Once upon a time, in the country of Libya, a terrible dragon lived in the swamps near the city of Selena. The dragon had a head like an alligator with long white fangs in its mouth. Its mouth was big as a cave. It breathed out fire and smoke from its nostrils. Wherever the smoke drifted it carried disease. The dragon had a huge body with scales on it as big as silver dollars. It had a long thick tail. When it swished its tail it knocked down trees that were in its way. It had huge wings without any feathers on them.

Every day this terrible dragon came out from the swamps and rushed toward the city. When it came to the gates of the city, it bellowed and breathed out fire and smoke. It did this because it was hungry. Finally, the people found out that if they gave food to the dragon it would not come to the gates of the city. So, every day the king of

The Knight and the Dragon

the city had his slaves take two sheep to the edge of the swamp.

The slaves took the sheep to the edge of the swamp and left them there with their feet tied together. Then the slaves ran back to the city as fast as they could. The terrible dragon came from the swamp. When he saw the sheep he growled with joy. But his growl was so dreadful that the sheep bleated with fear. The dragon swallowed them whole at one gulp.

So long as they had sheep to give the dragon, the people were safe; but after a time they had no more sheep. They did not know what to do. The dragon went hungry for two days and then he almost knocked down the gates of the city. So the king sent out an order that two children of the city should be chosen by lot every day. The two thus chosen were to be fed to the dragon.

This was very sad. The poor fathers and mothers whose children were taken ran through the streets crying aloud. All the people dreaded each morning, because their children might be the ones on whom the lot would fall.

At last came the day when the lot fell on the king's own beautiful daughter. The king wept bitterly. Then he offered all his wealth to any one who would let his child take her place. But

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the people refused to let any one do this. They said it would not be fair. Then the king asked whether he might keep his child for just eight days more. Since he was the king, the people said he might do this.

The eight days went very quickly. The dreadful day came. The king had his daughter dressed as for a marriage. She wore a long, white satin gown. The golden girdle around her waist was of the same color as her golden hair, which fell in soft curls upon her shoulders. She wore a crown of lilies on her head.

The king led his daughter to the gates of the city. The gatekeepers swung open the gates. The king kissed his daughter and blessed her. Slowly she walked across the plain that led to the swamp. The citizens watched from the walls. The king fell fainting into the arms of his slaves. His slaves carried him to a house near by.

As their beloved princess walked closer and closer to the swamp the citizens shuddered and sobbed. Women fainted. Suddenly there came riding across the plain a knight in armor. It was St. George. He had a long spear in his hand. He stopped his horse and asked the weeping princess:

“Why do you weep, fair princess?”

The princess looked up at him and answered:

The Knight and the Dragon

“I weep because I must be eaten by the terrible dragon to save my people.”

“Fair daughter,” replied St. George, “fear not, for I will help you in the name of Jesus Christ.”

“Oh, good knight, go your way,” she cried. “You cannot help me; I am doomed.”

Just then the terrible dragon came dashing from the swamp. St. George made the Sign of the Cross and rode toward it at full speed. The dragon fought him. At last St. George drove his spear into the horrible mouth and down the wide throat. His horse trampled on the dragon. The dragon fought no more.

Then St. George took the girdle of the princess and tied it about the neck of the dragon. She led the dragon back to the city. It followed her like a dog through the gates of the city. The people fled in terror. Then St. George said to them:

“Doubt no more. Believe in Jesus Christ and be baptized and I will slay the dragon.”

The king and all his people believed in God when they saw the power of St. George, who had conquered the dragon in His Name. So the king and his people, about fifteen thousand, were baptized. Then St. George cut off the dragon’s head. It was such a big dragon that the people had to use four carts with oxen to haul it away from the city.

After this, the king offered great sums of money to St. George. The saint said that the king should give this money to the poor for God's sake. He told the king that he must do four things: He must take care of the churches; he must honor the priests; he must attend services; he must have pity on the poor. Then St. George went away from this city. The king afterwards built a church in honor of St. George.

The terrible dragon in the story is paganism. Paganism is the worship of many false gods instead of the one true God. People who worship false gods sometimes offer human beings in sacrifice to them, as the people in the story offered their children to the dragon. The saints who go among the pagans to destroy their false gods and teach them about the true God are like St. George.

The dragon in the story is also Satan, who drags people into hell. Saints fight against Satan for our dear Lord. The dragon is also sin, that causes all the evil and pain in the world. There is nothing so terrible as sin. Every one of us can be like St. George and can kill the dragon sin if we but trust in the strength of Christ to help us and if we fight against our own desires to sin.

*O dear St. George, by your strong arm,
Keep me secure from every harm.*

How ST. GEORGE BECAME A MARTYR FOR CHRIST

St. George was born in Cappadocia. His parents were Christians. His father died during the childhood of George. After his father died, his mother took him to Palestine, where she had been born. Her family had money and lands. After her death, the money and lands belonged to George.

George grew to be a strong, healthy young man. He decided to be a soldier. Within a few years he had won a high office in the army. The Emperor Diocletian liked George because he was brave and strong.

The Emperor Diocletian was a very bad man. He was a pagan. He hated the Christians. He decided to put all the Christians to death. He ordered his soldiers to kill the Christians in his kingdom. Within a month they killed about twenty-two thousand Christians.

This made George very angry. He went to the emperor and gave up his military post. He said he would not help to kill the Christians. He said he was a Christian. Then he sold all his lands and gave the money to the poor. He went before the pagan officers and cried out:

“All your gods are devils. My God made all things. He is the true God.”

The mayor of the city said to him: "You are a bold man. How dare you say our gods are devils? Who are you?"

"I am named George. I am a gentleman, a knight, and I have left all things to serve the God of Heaven."

The mayor liked George and so he tried to get him to give up Christ and become a pagan. George refused. This made the mayor very angry. He cursed and tore his hair. Then he gave orders that George should be tortured in a dreadful way. He put him in prison. George would not give up Christ, no matter what dreadful tortures he suffered.

"There is none but God," he cried out, every time they tortured him. At last the mayor told George that if he would come into the temple and offer sacrifice to the pagan gods he would set him free. George smiled and said:

"You may take me into the temple."

This pleased the mayor. He sent slaves to cry out in all the streets that George would offer sacrifice to the gods, and to say that the mayor wanted the people to come to the temple to watch him.

All the people of the city came to the temple. They filled the whole temple and crowded the yard outside. George knelt before the pagan

The Knight and the Dragon

altar of sacrifice. He prayed the Lord of Heaven that He would destroy the temple and the idol above the altar, so that the people would accept Christ.

Suddenly fire came down from Heaven. It burned the temple and the idol and the priests of the temple. The people were dreadfully frightened. They ran in all directions. Then the mayor had George brought before him.

"You have done an evil deed," he said to the saint. "You told me an untruth. I thought you would offer sacrifice."

"I did offer sacrifice to my own God," answered George. "Come with me now and see how I offer sacrifice."

"No, for you will make the earth open and swallow me," said the mayor.

"O mayor," replied George, "tell me how your gods can help you when they cannot help themselves."

The mayor said to his wife, who was with him: "I shall die of anger if I cannot conquer this man."

His wife answered: "Evil and cruel tyrant, do you not see the great virtue of the Christian people? You should not do them any harm, for God fights for them. I will become a Christian."

This made the mayor very angry. He took his

wife by the hair and beat her cruelly. She then asked George: "What shall I do, because I have not been baptized?"

"Fear not, daughter," the saint answered, "for you will be baptized in your blood."

The mayor's wife began to worship the Lord Jesus, and so she was put to death. She was, therefore, a martyr and had what is called baptism of blood. The mayor then ordered that George should be drawn by horses through the city streets and that his head should be cut off.

Before George died, he told the people to pray in his name for any favor they wished from God. After this prayer, his head was cut off. When the mayor was going home from this place, fire came down from Heaven and killed him and all his servants. This was about the year 207.

Many years after the time of St. George, the Crusades were made to free the holy places where our dear Lord lived on earth, from the wicked people who had taken them. At the siege of Jerusalem the Christians had given up hope. Suddenly on the Mount of Olives an armed captain appeared. He waved his sword and told the Christians to go on. They all cried out that it was St. George. They were not afraid after they saw him. They fought bravely against the enemy. They put the enemy to flight. Then they marched

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into the Holy City. These Christians had some relics of St. George with them during the siege.

*O dear St. George, help us to do
Brave deeds for Jesus, just like you.*

HOW THE WHOLE WORLD HONORS ST. GEORGE

In a place called Lydda, in Palestine, was a chapel of St. George. Constantine the Great was said to have built it. In the Middle Ages, Christian Greeks used this chapel. The body of the saint was buried under the wall of the chapel. The Christian Greeks kept guard over the body for many years. Many miracles are said to have been worked at the tomb.

The heart of St. George was said to have been brought by Sigismund, the Emperor of Almayne, to King Henry V of England, and placed in a shrine in the castle of Windsor, where it was guarded by the kings for many years.

The great national council of England, which was held at Oxford in 1222, commanded the English people to keep the feast day of St. George as a national holiday.

The arms of St. George are a red cross on a white flag. In 1204, an official seal was made with these arms. The white flag with the red cross is the flag of the British navy even to-day. King

Richard II made all his soldiers wear this flag on their shoulder. If an enemy was caught with it on, he was put to death.

King Edward III founded the Order of the Garter, for princes and knights of royal blood. St. George is the patron of the Knights of St. George, or of the Garter, as they are called.

The chapel in Windsor is the place where these knights meet to pray. A badge with a picture on it of St. George killing the dragon is worn by the knights.

Because of St. George and this flag, the white flag with a red cross on it is used by all knights. When you read Spenser's *Faërie Queene* you will meet the Red Cross Knight, who wore this badge on his breast.

The red cross is still the sign of those who, like St. George, take care of the poor and weak. In 1864, a society called the Red Cross Society was founded in Geneva, in Switzerland. This society was to take care of those wounded in war and those hurt in floods and fires and those sick during plagues. After the Civil War, this society was founded also in the United States. Perhaps you have seen the Red Cross nurses. When next you see the Red Cross nurse think about St. George and the terrible dragon.

At the present time St. George is honored as the

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patron saint of several of the Eastern nations. The historians of these nations tell us of several battles won through prayer to St. George. They also tell us of many miracles worked in these countries by St. George.

People who visited the Holy Land visited also the tomb of St. George. They brought back stories about him to their own countries. So the devotion to St. George spread among the Western countries, also.

St. George has been honored by popes and kings and queens and whole nations. This is because he was a martyr and a great soldier who gave his life for Christ. He was not afraid to tell the rulers that he loved Christ, even though he knew he would have to suffer and die for telling them.

St. George must be ashamed of those Christians who give up their faith for money or for human respect. He must be sorry about the ones who yield to temptation and commit sin. He must like to have us ask for his help in our temptations and troubles of every kind. He will help us, just as he helped the people against the terrible dragon.

*O dear St. George, help us to win
Our fight against the dragon sin.*

IN THE LITTLE COUNTRY OF
SMILING TEARS



ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND

IN THE LITTLE COUNTRY OF SMILING TEARS

How St. PATRICK CAME TO KNOW THE IRISH PEOPLE

*O dear St. Patrick, pray
That I, like you,
May to our blessed Faith
Be ever true.*

WHEN God was creating the world He told the waters to roll back and let the dry land appear. So the waters rolled back and the dry land appeared. In one place a lovely little island poked its head up from the deep blue waters. When God told the grass to grow on the earth, such rich green grass grew on this little island that it looked like an emerald in the blue waters. Then God smiled and said:

“The people who will live on this little island will love it more than they will love even their lives. They will be good people who will suffer for their faith in Me. They will travel all over the world as missionaries, to make people believe in Me. They will always be homesick for their little island, and they will make every one love it.”

You know, of course, the name of this little island. It is Ireland. Perhaps you can tell me the names of some Irish people you know. Perhaps you are Irish yourself. If you are, you can tell me the name of Ireland's best loved saint, the saint who brought the Christian faith to the Irish people, long, long ago. And if you are Irish, you love especially the feast day that is celebrated on the seventeenth of March, St. Patrick's Day.

St. Patrick was not born in Ireland. People have disputed about the place of his birth, but the greater number of accounts of him say that he was born in a town of Brittany, about the year 372. His father's name was Calphurnius and his mother's name was Conchessa. She was the niece of St. Martin of Tours.

Soon after St. Patrick was born he was taken to be baptized. The priest who was to baptize him was blind. The priest took the infant's small hand and made with it the Sign of the Cross on the ground. A spring of water gushed forth. The priest then baptized the child in this water and named him Succat. Soon you will learn how he got the name Patrick. Then the priest bathed his eyes in the water. His eyes got well right away and he could see.

Many marvelous things happened while Succat was a child. Once he and his little sister were

watching the sheep and the lambs. The little girl ran after a straying sheep. She fell and cut a deep wound in her head. She lay as if dead, and the blood gushed from the wound. Succat made the Sign of the Cross over her. The deep wound closed, and the little girl sat up unhurt.

At another time a herdsman said he must kill one of his oxen because it was very wild and fierce. Succat went to see the ox. He looked at it for a few minutes. The ox stood very still and looked back at him. Succat turned to walk away, and the ox followed him as gently as a pet lamb. It was never bad again.

One bright day Succat looked out to the sea, which his home was near. Then he turned and called to the old herdsman Dalreid, who worked for his father:

“Look, Dalreid, a fine big ship is coming in to shore.”

“God save us!” cried Dalreid. He grasped Succat by the hand and ran with him into the low bushes along the shore. The men in the boat were pirates. Pirates are cruel, bad men. They landed and soon found the man and the boy. They tied them up and took them to their ship. These men were the sons of the king of Britain and their followers. They were searching for prisoners to make slaves of them.

The pirates captured some other prisoners, and then they set sail in their ship for Ireland. When they got to Ireland, Succat was sold to a chieftan named Milcho. Milcho made him take care of swine. Poor Succat had to sleep on the bare ground, even when it was very cold. He got very little food to eat, and it was poor and coarse.

For six long years Succat served his master well. Then, when he was twenty-two years old, he heard a voice telling him to return to his own country. The voice told him to go to the port at which he had landed and there would be a ship waiting for him. Succat walked for many days. He got very tired before he reached the end of his journey, for it was two hundred miles.

Succat had some trouble in getting the captain of the ship to take him. But at last he got on board and the ship started. After three days, they landed in Brittany. Here they had a hard time. Pirates had destroyed the crops, and so they had nothing to eat. They wandered about for many days. At last the captain said to Succat:

“Ask your God to give us some food.”

Succat prayed. He was the only Christian among the men. They were pagans. God knew that they would believe in Him if He worked a miracle for Succat. When Succat had finished his prayer, a herd of swine suddenly appeared. The

men caught all they needed for food. Then they gave praise to the God of Succat. Soon they found some honey, too. The pagans offer honey to their gods. So Succat would not eat of it, much as he needed it.

*O dear St. Patrick, make
My trust in God increase,
That when sad trials come
My soul may be at peace.*

THE VOCATION OF ST. PATRICK

When the pirates captured Succat, they had killed his father and had taken his sister prisoner. So his mother Conchessa had been left alone. She was very unhappy during the time in which Succat was in Ireland. Just imagine how happy she was when Succat came home!

Succat was pleased to be at home again with his dear mother and his friends. But God did not want him to stay there. So He made Succat think often about the Irish people. He made Succat think how sad it was for them to be pagans.

One night Succat had a dream. An angel came to him and gave him a letter. On the letter were written the words: "The Voice of the Irish." While Succat read the letter he heard many voices

crying: "Holy Youth, we entreat you to come and walk among us!"

Then Succat knew that he must go as a missionary to the Irish. He went to see St. Martin of Tours. St. Martin was pleased when Succat told him about the dream. For four years Succat stayed with him and studied for the priesthood. Then Succat went to Auxerre to study under St. Germanus. After some time with St. Germanus, Succat went to Rome and was presented to the Holy Father, St. Celestine.

St. Celestine heard Succat's story. He was very much pleased. He soon ordained Succat a priest and then consecrated him a bishop. St. Celestine said that just as Saul's name was changed to Paul when he went to be an apostle, so Succat's name would be changed to Patricius, or Patrick, as we call him. Patricius means "Father of Nations."

Soon after this, Patrick sailed to Ireland. He landed near the town of Wicklow. He saw on the shore many demons who wanted to keep him from landing. He made the Sign of the Cross and the demons fled in confusion back to hell. Some of the demons must have stayed in the heart of the chieftain Nathi, however, for he would not let Patrick stay near Wicklow.

Patrick, therefore, went farther north, toward Dalaradia, where he had been while he was a slave.

In the Country of Smiling Tears

At a place called Strangford Lough he and his companions went ashore. A swineherd saw them land. He thought they were pirates. He ran in terror to his master Dichu. Dichu set his dog on Patrick, but the dog would not hurt the saint. Then Dichu came up to Patrick to talk to him. Immediately he believed in Patrick and listened carefully when Patrick told him about God. Soon Patrick baptized him.

Then Patrick went to visit his old master, Milcho. When Milcho heard that Patrick was coming he was afraid. He thought that Patrick was coming to get revenge for his years of slavery. So Milcho set fire to his house and burned himself up with it. This made Patrick feel very bad. He converted Milcho's children, however. One of the sons afterward became a bishop and two of the daughters became nuns.

Patrick then returned to see Dichu at Saul. He preached to the people and converted many of them. By his example he encouraged the people to do good. Patrick stayed outdoors during the coldest nights. Every night he sang a hundred Psalms to God. He slept with a stone for his pillow. He wore coarse clothes. He never ate meat.

*O dearest Jesus, strengthen me
To bear my crosses, cheerfully.*

HOW ST. PATRICK LIGHTED THE FIRE OF FAITH IN IRELAND

In the year 433 the first paschal feast was celebrated in Ireland. The famous Læghaire MacNeill, of Tara, was holding his court. The king and the princes and the chieftains of Ireland came to celebrate the great festival of the Gentiles. The priests of these pagan people, called druids, and the magicians also came.

On that night the fires of every hearth in Ireland were put out. The king commanded that fires should not be lighted on the next morning until the fire of Tara should have been lighted.

Patrick wanted this fire of pagan worship to be put out forever. He wanted to light instead the fire of Christian faith and love. Our Lord once said: "I am the true Light of the world." Patrick knew that any one who lighted a fire before the fire of Tara was lighted was to be put to death. But he went up on the hill of Slane and lighted the paschal fire. It was Holy Saturday. You have seen the priests light the paschal candle in our churches. Patrick made a great fire. It shone over the whole plain.

The king and his chieftains were very angry. The king asked:

"Who has dared to light a fire at this time?"

The druids had been watching Patrick. They did not want him to teach the Christian religion to the people. They knew that they could not be priests any longer if the people learned the new religion. So they said to the king:

“We know who lit this fire. If it is not put out before morning it will never be put out. The man who lit it will be greater than kings and princes.”

The king was very angry. He tore his hair and stamped his feet and shouted: “I will not have his fire burning. I will kill him. Then he will not be greater than I am.”

The druids knew how Patrick won people to love him. And they were afraid the king would love him, too. So they said to the king:

“We wish, O king, that you would not go to the place where the fire is. Make the man come to you, so he will know that you are king and he is just a subject. We will argue with him before you.”

So the king and his chieftains rode in their great chariots close to the hill on which the fire of Patrick was burning. The king sent a messenger to call Patrick to him. Patrick came to the king. The druids began to dispute with Patrick. Finally the king became very angry. He told his men to kill Patrick. The men ran toward Patrick with

their swords. Then Patrick prayed in a loud voice:

“Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered. Let them that hate Him flee before His face.”

What do you think happened? A great black cloud blotted out the sun. It was dark as night. The earth rocked to and fro. A great wind came and blew the horses and chariots across the plain like leaves. When the light returned there was no one left with Patrick except the king, the queen, and one slave. Then the king fell on his knees before Patrick and said: “I believe in you. Come to Tara to-morrow.”

The king did not mean what he said. He was a bad king. He told men to hide all along the road to Tara and to kill Patrick. But Patrick was warned of this plot by God. And the most marvelous thing happened. When Patrick and his seven companions walked along the road, the men in hiding did not see them at all. They saw instead what they thought were eight wild deer.

Then the king really did begin to believe in Patrick. He believed with his mind but not with his heart, and so he never became a Christian. His two brothers became Christians, however. On the Wednesday after Easter, Patrick baptized several thousand of the people of this part of the country.

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From this time on, the Christian faith spread quickly throughout Ireland. Many times the pagans tried to put Patrick and his followers to death, but God always saved them. Ireland became Christian without a single martyr.

In these days there were many dangerous snakes in the valleys of Ireland. Patrick drove them all out into the sea, and there has never been a snake in Ireland since. Snakes represent devils. You remember the snake who tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. Patrick drove the devils of paganism from Ireland.

I am sure that you know the national flower of Ireland. It is the shamrock. It is a pretty plant with three leaves and a head of white or purple flowers. It grows all over Ireland. The people of Ireland love this little plant for a special reason.

When Patrick was disputing with the druids at Tara, they said to him that there could not be three persons in one God. Patrick stooped low and picked up a little shamrock. He showed it to them and said:

“You see these three separate leaves growing on one stem. Thus there are three persons in one nature in God. The divine nature is just the same in all three persons, but the persons are distinct.”

The people understood then what is meant by

the mystery of the Holy Trinity. Of course, they could not understand it fully, because it is a mystery. Our minds are not great enough to understand God. One of the reasons why it is easy to worship God is that He is infinitely greater than we are. We could not really worship some one with whom we are equal.

When Patrick was going about from place to place to preach to the people, he had many troubles. Sometimes his life was in danger from wicked robbers. He had a companion named Odran who loved him dearly. Odran heard that a bad man in a certain place wanted to kill Patrick. They had to travel over a lonely road to get to this place. When they started on their journey Odran said to Patrick:

“Will you please change places with me? My place in the carriage jolts me badly, and I would like to ride in your place to-day.”

It was a poor carriage, and so Odran told the truth about being jolted. Patrick’s place was no better, but he did as Odran asked him to. The carriage jolted along the lonely road. Suddenly a man sprang from some bushes beside the road. He had a long sharp spear in his hand. He ran the spear through Odran’s body. Odran died in Patrick’s arms. Then Patrick knew that Odran had taken his place so that the murderer would

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mistake him for Patrick and kill him instead of the saint. You can imagine how grateful and yet how sad this made Patrick.

Another time a band of robbers surrounded Patrick. They wanted to play a trick upon him. One of them pretended to be dead. The rest begged Patrick to stop and say some prayers for their dead friend. God was angry with them, and so, when they brought Patrick to the body, the poor man was really dead. Then the robbers were very much afraid. They begged Patrick in earnest to pray for their friend. He was sorry for them and prayed so hard for the man that he came back to life. Afterwards, this man became a Christian.

Patrick preached in every part of Ireland. He converted the whole nation to the true faith. In Connaught, where he lived for seven years, he built fifty churches. He consecrated bishops and ordained priests. He held several councils to govern the affairs of the church in Ireland. He founded several monasteries and convents.

*O Jesus, I will do
My share to bring
The souls in all the world
To Thee, their King.*

How ST. PATRICK LIVED A HOLY LIFE AND DIED HAPPILY

Patrick used to go into the mountains to pray and fast during the holy season of Lent. Once he made a retreat of forty days and nights. At the end of the retreat evil spirits came to trouble him. They took the form of black birds. Patrick began to pray when he saw them. He recited the Psalms of David. Still they would not go away. Then he rang the little bell which he used during Holy Mass. Still they would not go. Then he threw the little bell at them. They flew away in terror because it was a blessed bell. Evil spirits are afraid of holy things that have been blessed.

Patrick often saw his guardian angel and talked with him. His guardian angel told him things that God wanted him to do. Once Patrick told his angel to ask God for a great many favors for the Irish people. The angel thought Patrick was bold to ask so many favors, but he asked God anyway. Then he told Patrick that God would grant these favors. He told Patrick to ring his little bell and then kneel and bless the people of Ireland. The saint rang the bell and knelt and blessed the people of Ireland. The little bell is still kept in Ireland as a great treasure.

Patrick loved especially the monastery he had

founded at Armagh. He wanted to die there and be buried there. His guardian angel told him that he could not do this. He said that Patrick must go to die at Saul instead. So the saint set out on the journey to Saul. When he had arrived there, he received the Last Sacraments. For twelve days all the clergy of Ireland who could come, prayed at the saint's bedside. At last he died quietly and sweetly, while a great light shone above him.

Before the saint died, he told the clergy that his angel had given God's orders about his burial. Two strong young oxen from the herd of Prince Conall were to be yoked and were to pull a cart with the body of the saint in it. Wherever they would stop would be his burial place.

The clergy did as Patrick told them. They got the oxen and put the body of the saint in the cart. They told the oxen to go. The oxen moved slowly down the road. The clergy followed them. The oxen traveled till they came to the place where the Cathedral of Down now stands. There the oxen stopped. The clergy buried there the body of Ireland's great apostle. He was about one hundred and twenty years old when he died.

St. Patrick is really the apostle of the whole world. The Irish missionaries have carried the faith everywhere. It has been a good thing for

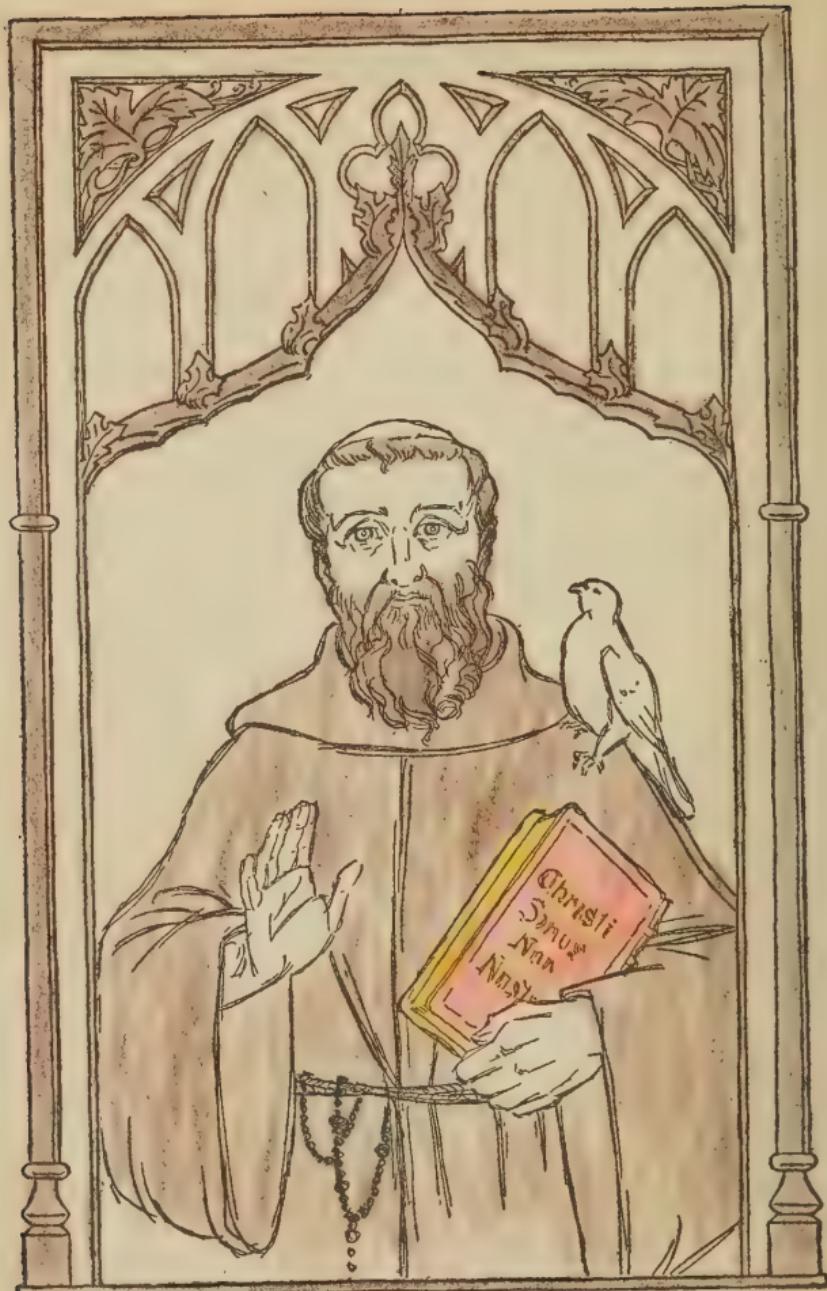
Through the Lane of Stars

the world that the Irish have been so persecuted in Ireland that they have had to find new homes. They have taken their faith with them to these new homes and have helped to make Christians of the people among whom they have lived.

Wherever the Irish go, however, they are homesick for their beautiful little green island in the midst of the blue sea. They sing their lovely songs about Ireland to their children. Irish songs are the loveliest songs in the world. These songs make the children love Ireland as their parents love her.

*O Jesus, may I ever be
A messenger of faith for Thee.*

THE DOVE OF THE ISLAND



ST. COLUMBA OF SCOTLAND

THE DOVE OF THE ISLAND

How ANGELS TOOK CARE OF ST. COLUMBA
IN HIS CHILDHOOD

*O Guardian Angel, watch my work and play
And keep all ugly sins and harm away.*

IT was a beautiful autumn day in the year 521. The woods and fields of lovely Gartan in the county of Tyrconnel, Ireland, were red and brown and gold. The waters of the river had in them pictures of the blue sky above.

The prince of Tyrconnel, whose name was Niall, had a fair, lovable wife. Her name was Eithne. She had black hair and blue eyes and white skin, with very red lips and cheeks. She was dressed in long flowing robes of rich silk.

Eithne sat down in the shade of a large tree. She leaned her queenly head against the rough trunk of the tree. Soon her eyes closed. She seemed to be asleep. Suddenly a glorious angel stood beside the princess. He was tall and straight. His great wings stood out from his shoulders. His wings sparkled like diamonds. His hair was golden like fire. He had blue eyes. He

had a veil in his hands. It was covered with the prettiest flowers ever seen. He spread it out before Eithne and said:

“Awake, Eithne, and see this lovely veil!”

The princess opened her eyes. She cried, “Oh!” both for the beauty of the veil and for the beauty of the angel. Then the angel let go the veil. It rose and fluttered in the air. Far, far away it floated over valley and mountain till it rested at last on a land Eithne had never seen.

Eithne was a princess, but she had never seen so lovely a veil. So she wept because it was gone. Then the angel said to her:

“The veil is but a sign of the son that shall be born to thee ere long. He shall be a saint and a prophet. The world shall be happier for his living. He shall carry the flowers of faith to the heathen in far lands.”

The angel then spread his great wings and flew away. Eithne watched him till he was but a speck against the sky. She watched till she could see him no more. Quickly she ran to find her husband and tell him of her dream.

“I am not surprised,” said Niall, “that a great prince should be born to our family. I am the grandson of Niall of the Nine Hostages, who conquered nine kings of Ireland and made them his vassals. But your dream means more than this.

It means that our son will do great things for the King of Heaven.”

A few months later, a dear little son came to the prince and princess. They were very happy. They remembered the dream. So they took the baby to a holy old priest named Cruithnechan. The priest baptized the child and named him Columba. Columba means dove. They gave him this name in honor of the Holy Ghost, Who appeared on earth as a dove at the time when our Lord was baptized.

In those days the sons of princes were given to the care of a bard or soldier or priest. Prince Niall gave Columba to the care of the holy old priest who baptized him.

As the years passed the child grew straight and beautiful. He was very good. He had a quick temper, however, and he was proud, because he had royal blood in his veins. His temper was roused usually when some weak creature was hurt by a strong one. He was so pure and good that his guardian angel often appeared to him. One day the little boy asked the angel:

“Are all the angels in Heaven as bright and shining as thou art?”

“Yes,” answered the angel, “and thou wilt be bright and shining, too, in Heaven. Which of all Christian virtues wouldest thou like best to have?”

"Purity and wisdom," replied Columba promptly.

Suddenly three lovely young maidens appeared with the angel. They reached out their hands to Columba. He drew away from them.

"Oh," they said, "can it be thou dost not know us?"

"No," answered Columba, "I do not know thee at all."

"We are three sisters," they said, "whom our Father has sent to thee."

"Who is thy Father?" asked Columba.

"Our Father is Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world."

"Then what are thy names?"

"We are called Purity, Wisdom, and Prophecy, and we have come to live with thee always and to love thee most dearly."

All during his life Columba had these three gifts which came to him in this vision. Of course they were in his soul. God let them take human form in this vision just so Columba would know his prayer for purity and wisdom was answered. Prophecy was God's own chosen gift to him. God gives this great gift to very few persons.

*O St. Columba, teach me how to pray,
That I may grow more holy, day by day.*

How COLUMBA BECAME A SAINT

Columba liked to go to church with the priests and listen while they said the Divine Office. He memorized the whole Office. Once the good priest Cruithnechan lost his place. There was a pause in the saying of the Office. Suddenly the clear voice of the boy was heard saying the next part. The priests were very much pleased.

When Columba was twenty years old, he went to the monastic school of Moville. Here he studied and prayed and labored with his hands. After school in the evening he used to grind corn for the cakes. He worked very hard. Here at Moville Columba wrought his first miracle.

On one feast day there was no wine for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Columba went to the well and prayed that God would change some of the water into wine as He did at the Marriage of Cana. Columba dipped up a cup of water and walked to the church. On the way the water became wine. Columba carried it to the priest, St. Finnian, and said:

“Here, my Father, is wine that God sent us from Heaven.”

From Moville, Columba went to the school of Clonard. Here he studied under another St. Finnian. There was, at Clonard, an old bard who

taught Columba many songs. One day they were reading together in the grove of the monastery. A girl ran to them for protection from a robber. They hid her under their long robes. The robber ran up and struck at her with his lance and killed her. Then he ran away. The bard turned to Columba and cried:

“How long will this dreadful crime go unpunished?”

“Only for this moment,” answered Columba, “for the soul of the murderer will go to Hell while her soul is going to Heaven.”

At that very moment the murderer fell dead. This story soon was spread and the fame of Columba grew. There were three thousand students at this school. They did not go to school in classrooms as you do. They went out into the fields. The teacher sat on a grassy mound. The students sat around him. Then he talked to them and taught them.

Every one in the school loved Columba. One lad, however, was jealous of the way Columba was loved. His name was Ciaran. He was a carpenter’s son. He was so good that his guardian angel felt bad over his jealousy. So, one day, he came to Ciaran carrying a tool box and said:

“See, Ciaran, all thou didst leave for the love

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of God was this box of tools. Columba left the throne which would have been his."

Ciaran was jealous no longer. He, too, became a saint. He became a dear friend to Columba, and they worked together for the Lord. They went about founding monasteries. Ciaran died of the plague while he was still young. Columba founded thirty-seven monasteries in Ireland.

Columba was a poet. He liked to write poetry. He liked also to see it copied on beautiful parchment. He made with his own hands three hundred copies of the Gospels and the Psalms.

Once, when he was visiting his old master Finnian, he asked permission to copy the good abbot's Psalter. Finnian refused the permission. So Columba went to the church every night and worked till he had made a copy. When Finnian found this out, he said he would not let Columba have the copy, because he had stolen it.

Columba was very angry. So he and Finnian asked the king of Tara, whose name was Dermot, to judge whose the copy should be. The king said that as to every cow belongs her calf, so to every book belongs its copy. This meant Columba could not have the copy.

Columba was so angry that he decided to have revenge. With flashing eyes he turned his back to the king and strode from the court. He soon

had another reason for anger. A young prince named Curnan killed a man in a game. He fled to Columba's monastery. In those days a person who went to a monastery for help could not be taken out by the officers of the law. But Dermot was so angry that he sent his officers to take Curnan. They killed Curnan.

Then Columba decided to make war on Dermot. He went to the chiefs of Tyrconnel and told them his troubles. They got up a big army. So did Dermot. A long and bloody battle was fought between them. Three thousand of Dermot's men were killed. Few of Columba's men were killed. He won the victory.

Dermot then appealed to the bishops and priests to judge between him and Columba. He told them it was not right for a priest to make war as Columba did. The bishops and priests gathered together at Teilte. When they saw Columba coming, they all sat still except St. Brendan, who went forward to meet Columba. The others said he should not go to greet one who had done such a great wrong.

"If you saw what I see," he said, "you would hasten to go with me. I see Columba as he climbs the hill surrounded by a circle of light. Angels are with him. I bow before the Hand of

God, who destines Columba to convert a whole nation to the faith.”

After Columba had come among them one of the bishops told him what a great wrong he had done in causing the dreadful war.

“The king was unjust,” answered Columba, “and I cannot bear injustice. It is too hard to bear it.”

“Truly,” said the bishop, “it is hard to bear injustice. But which is better for you who love Christ, to bear injuries meekly or to make war?”

Suddenly Columba saw how bad he had been. He was very sorry. From that moment he became a saint. The bishops and priests told him he must win as many pagan souls for Christ as men had died in his war. Columba promised to do this. He then went very sorrowfully to his confessor and asked him what to do. His confessor told him that for a penance he must go away from Ireland as a missionary and must never live in his native land again. This made Columba sad, but he obeyed.

*Dear St. Columba, help me when I sin,
The tender grace of God again to win.*

How ST. COLUMBA BECAME THE APOSTLE OF SCOTLAND

At the age of forty-two, Columba with twelve monks set forth in a boat for Scotland, which was then called Caledonia. They landed on a little island along the coast, called Iona, meaning "the blessed island." Here Columba founded a monastery. From this little island he sent out missionaries to convert the heathen. Columba traveled over Scotland, building churches and founding monasteries. He built so many churches that he is often called Columbeille, which means Columba of the churches.

The Columba who had been proud and revengeful became very meek and gentle. He was kind to every creature. One day he called a monk to him and said:

"Go, sit on the shore of the sea, on the west side of the island. There you will see a poor crane from the north of Ireland. It will be nearly dead. Take it up tenderly and care for it for three days. Then it will be able to fly back to dear, beautiful Ireland. I wish I could fly there with it."

The monk went down to the shore of the sea. Soon a poor tired crane flew in across the waves and fell at his feet. He lifted it tenderly and

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took it back to the monastery. He fed it and cared for it during three days. Then it flew away into the air, straight in the direction of Ireland. Columba showed this same tenderness toward the souls driven astray by sin, and thus he won them back to God.

Once Columba found a young Irishman bound as a slave to one of the druid priests of the pagans. Columba told the druid to free his slave. The druid refused. Then Columba said:

"If you do not free this slave, you shall die before I leave this kingdom."

Still the druid refused. Columba walked away from him. He had gone but a little way when two messengers ran up to him. They said the druid had been badly hurt and that he was so afraid, he wanted to free the slave.

Columba picked up a pebble from the stream and blessed it. He sent two of his monks with the pebble to the druid. They told him that he would be healed if he would drink of the stream from which the pebble came and if he would free the slave. The druid did these things. He got well, and the slave returned to Ireland.

In one of Columba's Irish monasteries was a little boy. He was dull eyed and stupid. He could not learn and so he worked in the monastery. Columba visited this monastery on one

of his visits to Ireland. When Columba entered, a crowd gathered around him. The poor little boy crept through the crowd and timidly touched the saint's cloak. Columba stooped low and put his arms around the little boy. Some of the monks cried out: "Do not mind that little idiot!" But Columba said:

"Patience, my brothers. Put out your tongue, my child." The child obeyed. Then Columba turned to the crowd and said:

"This child whom you despise so much will grow daily in wisdom and virtue. God will give him power to speak for His glory. He will be great, some day."

The saint's prophecy came true. This little idiot boy became the great St. Ernan, who is famous both in Scotland and Ireland.

There were many bad people in Scotland at this time. A chief named Donnel was the terror of the region. He killed many people. He burned houses and tore up fields and killed cattle. He was so bad that Columba excommunicated him from the Church. This made Donnel very angry. He wanted to get revenge.

Once, when Columba was on a journey through this part of the country, he stopped to sleep by the roadside at night. One of the monks, named Finn Lugh, was afraid Donnel would try to kill

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Columba. So he thought of a plan to save Columba. He pretended to be very cold. Columba gave him his cloak.

Finn Lugh put on the cloak and lay down to sleep. Soon the sons of Donnel crept to the place where the monks were sleeping. They looked for Columba. Then they went to Finn Lugh. Because of the cloak they thought he was Columba. One of them stabbed Finn Lugh. Then they ran away. But Columba's cloak protected Finn Lugh. He was not hurt at all.

Just a year after this Columba was walking with another monk. They came near the place where they had passed the night, the year before.

"It was just a year ago to-day," said Columba, "that Donnel tried to murder me, and our dear Finn Lugh would have given his life for me. At this very moment that would-be murderer has been killed by an enemy. He has paid the penalty for his misdeeds." Soon they learned that Columba's words were true.

A relative of Donnel robbed a good man who had once entertained Columba in his home. When the robber was going back to his boat he met Columba. The saint scolded him for robbing the good man and told him to give back the stolen goods. The robber did not answer. He got into his boat. When he was a little way out from

the shore he began to call Columba bad names.

Columba was angry because the robber did not restore the stolen goods. He was angry because the robber said bad things. He walked out into the water after the boat, and, raising his arms to Heaven, prayed that justice might fall on the robber. Then he returned to his companions and said:

“That wicked man who despises the poor of Christ will perish soon.”

Soon a dreadful storm arose. The robber’s boat was tossed about in the waves. The robber yelled in terror. Finally the boat turned over. The robber struggled in the water. Soon he could hold himself up no longer. He sank into the sea and was drowned.

Columba was getting old. But he continued to work and to be good to all Christ’s poor. He was good to the monks. He was like a father to them. One evening, when the monks were coming home from a hard day in the harvest field, one of them said:

“I wonder why it is that every evening when we come home from work in the fields, at this spot our hearts grow glad, our burdens seem light, and we smell delicious perfume.”

The steward, who knew Columba very well, said to the monks:

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“It is our old master Columba. Since he can no longer come to meet us, he sends out his spirit to console and strengthen us.”

*Dear St. Columba, make me humble be,
That Christ in every poor man I may see.*

How ST. COLUMBA WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD UNTIL HIS DEATH

The people among whom Columba labored for Christ were called Picts. They had ancestors who were named Picts because they painted pictures on their bodies when they went to war.

Once, when Columba was walking along the shore of a lake, he said to his companions:

“Make haste and go on to meet the angels who have come down from Heaven and wait for us at the bedside of a Pict. This man has lived to be very old. All his life he has been faithful to the natural law of virtue though he has not known the true God. We must prepare his soul for Heaven by baptizing him before his death.”

Columba hurried as fast as he could, for he was now old and feeble. He came to a lovely valley. There he found an old man awaiting his coming. Columba baptized him, and the strong, beautiful angels carried his soul to Heaven.

In those days there were many bards who went

about from castle to castle singing songs. They made their living in this way. The king and his counselors decided that they were tramps who did nothing to earn a living. The king and his counselors knew, too, that many of the bards had grown rich because they had been making people give them money to sing their praises and not to sing unkind songs about them. So a great convention was held.

Columba was in Ireland at the time and he was at the convention. The king talked against the bards. So did his counselors. In another moment all the bards would have been banished from Ireland.

Suddenly Columba stood in his place and began to speak. Every one listened with reverence. Columba said that only the guilty bards should be punished. He said that if all the bards were banished no one would be left to sing the noble deeds of heroes and to lament the death of the brave and good. He said the good grain should not be torn up with the weeds, and so the good bards should not be banished with the bad.

The king and his counselors were so influenced by this speech that they promised to do as Columba told them. The king ordered that schools should be founded in which bards could learn

their art and also good principles, so they would not do as the bad bards had done.

The bards were so pleased that they wrote a pretty song about Columba. They said that they would do as he wished them to. The bards were very good from this time on, and they helped the clergy by singing the praises of the old faith.

Columba had many heavenly visions. One day he left the monastery. He said that no one should follow him. He said he was going to pray on a little hill on the western part of the island. One young monk, who was curious, followed Columba at a distance. When he came to the hill he saw Columba standing on the hill with his arms raised to Heaven. Many bright and shining angels were standing around him. The young monk was ashamed of his curiosity and went back to the monastery as fast as he could.

One cold night a young monk had stayed in the church to pray after the other monks left. He prayed till midnight. Then the door of the church opened. He saw Columba come in. A glorious light shone around him. Columba knelt to pray. He prayed till morning. The light shone around him all through these hours. The young monk stayed in his place and prayed, too. When morning came Columba rose from his knees. He

waited outside for the young monk. Then he said to the young monk:

“Do not tell any one what you have seen until after I am dead.”

Every night the monks could see a beautiful light shining from the cracks in the rough door to Columba’s room. They often knelt before his door to pray.

Columba did a great amount of penance for sinners. He knew that people can help Jesus to save souls by their prayers and penances. He always slept on the hard floor of his room with only a stone for a pillow. He fasted always. Once he saw a poor woman gathering herbs and nettles. She told him this was her only food. Then Columba thought that he ought to do as much for the love of God as she did because she had to. From that time he lived on wild herbs and nettles boiled in water.

When Columba had been in Scotland for thirty years, he died. Toward the end of May, before he died, he went out into the fields to say good-by to the monks. He said to them:

“I wanted to die on this Easter Sunday, but that would make the day sad for you. So I asked God to let me wait a few days longer.”

Then Columba blessed the little island and all the people on it. Tradition says that his blessing

drove all the vipers that were on the island away, just as St. Patrick's blessing drove the snakes from Ireland.

On the Saturday after this he went to the granary. There were two large bins of corn in the granary. Columba said to the monk Diarmid, who was with him: "I am glad that my dear brothers will not suffer from hunger after I shall leave them."

"Beloved Father," said Diarmid, "why make me sad by talking of your death?"

"Well," answered Columba, "here is a little secret for you alone. To-day is Saturday. Sunday will be for me a real day of rest, because before morning I shall go to God. My dear Lord Jesus has told me that I am to die to-night."

Leaving the granary and walking back to the monastery, Columba grew so weak that he had to sit down to rest. Then he saw running toward him the old white horse that was used to carry milk from the dairy to the monastery. The horse came up to Columba and laid his head against the saint's shoulder. There was such a sad look in the horse's eyes that he seemed as if weeping. Diarmid tried to drive him away.

"Let him alone," said Columba. "He is wiser than you, Diarmid, for he knows by instinct that he will never see me again. Let him grieve for

me, his friend, because he loves me. God has made known to him that he will see me no more."

He patted the face of the old horse and blessed him. Then he and Diarmid walked on to the monastery. When they came to the little hill that is before it, Columba raised his hand in blessing and said:

"This place will be famous in days to come. Saints and kings will come from other lands to honor it."

When he reached his room, he set to work on the Psalter he was copying. He wrote till the bell for vespers rang. He laid down his pen. He had just written: "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

"Let Baithen write the rest," he said. Baithen was one of the monks, and a cousin to Columba, who had come with the saint from Ireland after one of his visits there.

After the vespers had been sung Columba said to the monks: "My last words to you are these. Keep peace and charity among yourselves. If you do this, God will take care of you and give you all you need in this world and happiness in the next world. I will pray for you always."

When the bell rang for matins just before midnight, Columba rose and went quickly to the church. Diarmid followed him, but as the church

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was dark he could not see him. He cried out: "Where are you, my Father?"

Diarmid felt his way to the altar. There in his usual place was Columba, but he was lying as if dead. Diarmid raised him in his arms and held the head of the saint against his breast. The brethren came in. The dying saint lifted his hand in blessing. The brethren knelt to weep and pray. A beautiful smile came upon Columba's face. His head fell back. The dear saint had gone to God.

The brethren could hardly say their Office, they were crying so hard. Columba's sweet, clear voice had always led their prayers, and now it was silent forever. During that night a holy old man had a vision. He saw the Heavens open and a throng of angels come to earth to bear Columba's soul to Heaven. The angels sang glorious songs. A little boy saw the whole sky break into light. A pillar of fire seemed to rise from the island of Iona.

*Dear St. Columba, help me when I die
That I may go to live with God on High.*

THE WHITE STAR OF LOVE



ST. DOMINIC OF SPAIN

THE WHITE STAR OF LOVE

How St. DOMINIC BECAME A WHITE STAR OF LOVE

*O dear St. Dominic,
Help me, I pray,
To do God's holy will,
Day after day.*

THERE was once a great castle in Calaroga of Old Castile, in Spain. A noble family lived in this castle. The father's name was Felix of Guzman. The mother's name was Joanna of Asa. The family has been called a family of saints, because the mother and her second son, named Manez, were given the title blessed, and because her third son was the great St. Dominic.

A few months before St. Dominic was born, in 1170, his mother had a dream. She dreamed that she saw a dog which carried in its mouth a burning torch. The dog ran about setting the world on fire. This dream meant that her son, who was soon to be born, would set the world on fire with the love of God.

When their son was born the good parents took him to the church to be baptized. He was

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named Dominic in honor of a holy abbot. When the priest poured the water on the child's head, Dominic's godmother saw a bright star on his forehead. This star gave light to the world. It meant that Dominic was to give the light of faith to many.

As soon as the child was old enough to talk, his mother taught him to know and love God. She made him love prayer so much that he often rose in the night to kneel by his bed to pray. Often he slept on the hard floor for a penance.

When Dominic was seven years old, he was put under the care of his uncle, the archpriest of Gumié, not far from Calaroga. He served the priest during Mass. He learned to recite the Divine Office with his uncle. He spent his free time in reading good books, in praying, and in taking care of the poor.

When Dominic was fourteen years old he went to a school at Palentia. He was a good student and learned quickly. You know books were scarce in those days, and so you will understand how Dominic loved his books and cared for them. But he loved the poor better. Once, when a famine broke out and people were dying of hunger, Dominic sold his loved books and gave the money to the poor.

Soon after this, a woman told Dominic that her

brother had been made a slave by the Moors. She asked the saint for money to buy his freedom. Dominic had given all his money to the poor. He said to her:

“I have no gold or silver, but I am able to work. Offer me to the Moor in exchange for your brother. I am willing to be his slave.”

The good woman was made happy by the generous kindness of Dominic, but of course she would not accept his offer, even to save her dear brother.

When Dominic was twenty-five years old, he became a priest. He received the holy habit of the Canons Regular of the Order of St. Augustine. He then spent nine years at Osma, where he held the position of subprior. Every one loved him for his goodness and kindness. He did great penances in secret for the salvation of souls.

In 1203, the bishop of Osma went to Denmark to arrange a marriage between a princess of Denmark and a prince of Castile. Dominic went as companion to the bishop. On their way they passed through Languedoc, a province in the south of France.

There were many heretics in Languedoc. Heretics are people who deny some of the teachings of the Church. The heretics in Languedoc were

called Albigenses. The man with whom the bishop and Dominic spent the night believed in the false teachings of the heretics. Dominic converted him in one conversation.

After their business in Denmark was finished, Dominic asked to stay in Languedoc to preach against the Albigenses. He was allowed to stay. God helped him by letting him work miracles. Once, after Dominic had talked to the heretics, he wrote on paper a short explanation of the Catholic teaching which they denied, with proofs from the New Testament. He gave this to the heretics to read. They read it. Then they threw it into the fire, saying:

“If the paper burns we shall know that what is written on it is not true.”

The paper was left in the fire for some time. It was not burned. They took it out and looked at it. Then they threw it into the fire again. It was not burned. They took it out again and looked at it. Then they threw it into the fire a third time. Still, it was not burned. Then they took it out and gave it to Dominic.

The heretics took a vow not to tell of this miracle. One heretic, however, was converted by it. He told many people. Soon after this the same miracle took place before a great crowd of people. The same paper was thrown into the fire

three times. It was not burned. Many people were converted, this time.

Dominic always went barefooted. People who knew his family called him a fool for being so very poor. But Dominic wanted to be like our dear Lord. Once, a cruel heretic offered to guide Dominic on a journey. He took him over stones and briars. Soon the saint's feet were bleeding. He did not get cross at his guide. Soon the guide was ashamed of himself. He asked the saint's pardon. Afterward he became a good Catholic.

Some of the heretics did very cruel things to Dominic. They spit at him when he passed them in the street. They threw dirt at him. They tied bundles of straw to him and then ran at him and mocked at him. Sometimes they threatened to kill him. Once he said to them:

“I am not worthy to die a martyr. I do not deserve death by glory.”

Then they asked him: “Are you not afraid of death? What would you have done if we had taken you prisoner?”

Dominic answered: “I would have prayed you not to kill me at once, but to kill me slowly with great pain.”

The heretics could not understand how a man could say this. They were afraid of Dominic and left him in peace for some time after this.

Through the Lane of Stars

Once, when Dominic was walking over the rough roads of Languedoc, he carried some of his books with him. He had to wade across a river. The river had a swift current and a stony bed. The saint slipped on a stone and dropped some of his books. The water was up to his shoulders. He tried to get the books, but they were sucked into the mud by the current and he could not find them. He felt very sad.

Three days after, on his journey back, he came again to the river. A fisherman called to him. The fisherman had the lost books. They were as dry and unharmed as if they had never been in the water. Dominic thanked our dear Lord for saving his books.

Another time, a boatman took Dominic across this same river. When they got across, the saint had no money to pay the boatman. The boatman was very angry, even when Dominic said:

“I am a follower of Jesus Christ. I do not carry money with me. God will pay you for bringing me across.”

The boatman took hold of the saint’s cloak and said: “Either give me your cloak or the money.”

Dominic raised his eyes to Heaven in prayer. Then he pointed to the ground. There lay a bright new piece of silver. “My brother,” he

said, "there is your money. Take it, and let me go my way." Then the boatman was ashamed of himself, when he saw what God had done for Dominic.

Dominic knew that the only way to save the Catholic people from the heretics was to teach the faith to the children. So he established a school. The school was taught by some good women who lived by the Rule of St. Augustine and who wore a white habit. This school was established in the year 1206. It was called Our Lady of Prouille. Prouille was a village at the foot of the Pyrenees Mountains. This convent became the Mother House of the Dominican Sisters.

In 1207, Dominic was put in charge of the mission in Languedoc. He trained many good priests to preach against the heretics. He established some rules by which they were to live. The saint did a great amount of work. He also practiced great penances. He lived on bread and water all during Lent. He prayed during the greater part of the night. He slept on a board.

Dominic sometimes forgot to come to his meals when he was praying. Once the abbot sent a clerk to the church to tell Dominic to come to dinner. When the clerk came into the church, he saw the saint raised into the air. This was an

ecstasy. God sometimes gives ecstasies to His saints. The clerk knelt and prayed. At last the saint was again kneeling in his place. He got up from his knees and went quietly home with the clerk.

While Dominic labored in Languedoc, he made the first Rosary of prayers in honor of the Blessed Virgin. People had been saying the Apostles' Creed and the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" and the "Glory be to the Father" for many centuries. But Dominic arranged these prayers into the Rosary. People had also counted their prayers on beads. But Dominic arranged the beads as they are in the Rosary. He also arranged the order of the mysteries we are to think about when we say the decades of the Rosary.

*O Jesus, I would ever be
A little star of love for Thee.*

How ST. DOMINIC FORMED A CLUSTER OF WHITE STARS OF LOVE

Six companions had joined Dominic in his work among souls. One of these, named Peter Cellani, offered his house in Toulouse as a home for them. There they lived a community life of poverty and prayer and penance. At this time a famous

theologian named Alexander lived in Toulouse. Dominic decided to entrust his little community to the guidance of Alexander.

On the very morning that Dominic decided to do this, Alexander had a vision. He saw before him seven stars. At first the stars were small. Then they became so large that they gave light to the whole world. He could not understand the vision. When he went to the school to teach his classes he was thinking about it. As soon as he had entered his classroom Dominic and his six companions entered also. They were dressed alike, in white habits. Dominic said :

“We are poor Brothers who are about to preach the Gospel of Christ in Toulouse.”

Then Alexander understood his vision. These good priests were the seven stars who were to give light to the world. Alexander made them welcome. He liked their name. Dominic had chosen for them the name, the Preaching Friars.

The saint wanted the approval of the Holy Father for his Order of Preachers. So he went on a journey to Rome. He and his companions walked all the way. They sang hymns and Psalms as they went over the rough roads and across the rivers. Dominic was so kind and happy that every one who met him liked him. He stopped in

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many towns to preach. One day a young man asked him:

"What books have you studied, good Father, to make you learned?"

Dominic answered: "I have studied most of all the book of charity. This is the book that teaches all things."

Charity is the most beautiful virtue. Dominic called it a book, because it teaches us so much that is good.

Dominic went to Rome when the general council of the Church was being held at Lateran. He asked the pope to approve his Order. The Holy Father's name was Pope Innocent III. The pope did not think that Dominic should establish another Order at this time. But God sent him a vision. The pope saw the Church of Lateran about to fall over. Then he saw Dominic run and hold the church by his shoulder so that it could not fall down. Thus he knew that God wanted him to approve Dominic's Order.

Then the pope told Dominic that he should choose some Religious Rule that had already been approved. Dominic and his companions chose the Rule of St. Augustine. They lived in great poverty. They fasted from meat and did other penances. Soon after this Pope Innocent died

The White Star of Love

and Pope Honorius approved the Order of St. Dominic and its rules.

The pope then gave the Church of St. Sixtus in Rome to Dominic and his friars. They lived there and begged for food in the city.

After there were about a hundred friars living there, it was hard sometimes to get enough food by begging. One day Dominic sent Brother John of Calabria and Brother Albert of Rome into the city to beg for food. After many hours they met a woman who gave them a loaf of bread. They walked on and soon they met a man who begged them for bread. They gave their loaf to him.

Then they went home. Dominic had been told by God what they had done. He came out to meet them, saying: "Children, you have nothing."

They answered: "No, Father. We had one loaf, but we gave it to a poor man."

Then Dominic said to them: "That was an angel of the Lord. He will take care of His own. Let us go and pray."

Dominic then went into the church and prayed. Soon he came out and told the friars to come to the refectory. The friars asked him why they should do this, because there was nothing to eat. But he told them to obey him. So the friars all

went into the refectory and sat down at the empty table. Dominic said the grace.

Suddenly two beautiful young men came into the room. They carried loaves of bread. They gave a loaf to each friar. Then they went away. Then Dominic said to his friars:

“Eat the bread that God has sent to you.” Then he told the servers to pour out the wine. They answered:

“Holy Father, there is no wine.”

Then Dominic told them to go to the wine jar and pour out the wine. They went and found that the jar was filled with wine. Then Dominic said to his friars:

“Drink the wine that God has sent to you.”

The friars ate of this food for three days. Then Dominic told them to give what was left to the poor. He told them never to doubt the kindness of God, who had sent His own angels to take care of them.

Dominic worked many miracles in Rome. He raised three dead persons to life. The first was a child. The mother brought her poor little dead child to the saint. She laid it in his arms. He made the Sign of the Cross over it and prayed. The child came back to life. The pope wanted to publish this miracle in the pulpits of the country, but Dominic begged him not to do so.

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The second person that Dominic raised from death to life was a mason. The mason was crushed to death by a stone wall. Dominic prayed over the dead man. Soon the dead man came back to life and walked about among the wondering people.

The third person that Dominic raised from death to life was the young Lord Napoleon, nephew of the Cardinal Stephen. This young man was thrown from his horse and killed. His uncle was with Dominic when a messenger rushed in to tell him the sad news. The cardinal laid his head on Dominic's shoulder and wept bitterly.

Dominic ordered the body to be brought into the house. He then prepared to say Holy Mass. The body was placed in the chapel. When Dominic came to the Elevation of the Mass and lifted our dear Lord's blessed Body in his hands, he was raised into the air. Every one present was filled with wonder.

After the Mass, the saint went to the dead man. He knelt and prayed for a few minutes. Then he was again raised from the ground by the power of God. While he was raised in the air he cried out in a loud voice:

“Napoleon, I say to you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, arise.”

At that very moment, in the presence of many

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people, the young man arose from death. Every one in the city made a solemn thanksgiving to God for this great miracle.

*O God, I pray that I
May ever trust in Thee,
In every grief and pain
That life may bring to me.*

How DOMINIC'S WHITE STARS OF LOVE HAVE DONE GOOD IN THE WORLD

In 1217, Dominic sent some of his friars to Bologna to establish a convent. This convent has always been a great one. In 1218 Dominic took a journey into Spain. He established convents in Segovia and in Madrid. He went to Toulouse and then to Paris. While he was in Paris, he saved many souls and also received many new members into his Order.

Alexander II, King of Scotland, was in Paris at this time. He liked Dominic so much that he asked him to send some of his friars into Scotland. Dominic promised to do this. He then established several more convents in various cities. In 1219, he went to Bologna. This was his home until he died.

In 1221 St. Francis of Assisi came to Bologna. He thought the convent of the Franciscans in that

city was too costly and beautiful, and so he went to stay with the followers of Dominic. The two saints became good friends on this visit.

Dominic sent his followers into Morocco, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Ireland, England, Hungary, Greece, Palestine, and other countries. Some of his friars were martyred while they were doing their missionary work.

When it was time for Dominic to die, God sent an angel to tell him. The angel said to him: "Come, my friend, come to joys, come." The saint then assembled his friars in the convent of Bologna. He gave them his last teaching. He said they should be kind and humble and poor. The friars wept bitterly when they knew he was going to die. He told them not to weep, because he would do more for them after his death than he had done before it.

Dominic died a very happy death. God sent visions to some of the friars in other cities to tell them the saint had died.

As soon as Dominic had been buried, many miracles happened at his tomb. A most beautiful perfume came forth from the coffin when the body was taken up to be placed in a shrine. Relics were taken to many countries. These relics worked miracles.

In the province of Hungary a man wept all the night by the body of his dead son. He prayed to St. Dominic to give him back his son. When morning came the young man sat up and asked:

“Why do you weep, my Father?”

The man answered: “I wept because you were dead, and I was left alone.”

The son said: “Father, you did weep much, but St. Dominic had pity on you and by his merits he gave me back to you.”

In the convent at Tripoli there was a Sister named Mary, who had hip disease. She prayed to St. Dominic. He came in the night and anointed her with oil. The oil smelled so sweet that she asked him what it was. He told her that it was the oil of the love of God. Then he went to her sister, who slept in another room, and told her that he had cured Mary. The sister ran quickly to Mary. She wiped off the oil with a cloth. Mary and her sister kept the sweet-smelling cloth all their lives.

St. Dominic was canonized by Pope Gregory IX in 1234. It is said that one hundred thousand unbelievers were converted by the preaching and miracles of the saint. He established three Orders, the Friars Preachers, the Nuns, and the Third Order of men and women, who live ordi-

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nary lives in society, but pray and do especial good works.

*O dear St. Dominic,
Please keep me close to you,
That I may please our Lord
In everything I do.*

THE WONDER WORKER



ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

THE WONDER WORKER

ST. ANTHONY AND THE CHRIST CHILD

*O dear St. Anthony,
Please be my guide;
And I will ever stay
Close by your side.*

MANY years ago a rich man who had the title count lived in a city in Italy. The priests of the Order of St. Francis sometimes came to this city to preach. They did not have a monastery in this city, so they stayed with friends. St. Anthony was a Franciscan priest. He came to this city to preach. He stayed with the rich count.

Once, while Anthony was staying with this good count, a lovely thing happened. Anthony came home after preaching all day long in the city. He was very tired. When he got to his room, however, he did not go to bed. He knelt to pray.

The count was in the next room. He was getting ready for bed. Suddenly he saw a light shining from under the door of the saint's room.

He knew that the dim lamp in the room did not give so much light. He thought the room was on fire.

The count ran to the door. He was about to pull it open when he heard voices on the other side. He looked through a crack in the door. What do you think he saw?

Anthony was kneeling at a table. There was a large book on the table. The book was open. Upon the open book stood the most beautiful Child ever seen. A bright light shone from the Child. The count almost cried aloud, but he kept from doing so. He waited and watched. The Child leaned against the breast of Anthony. He caressed the face of the priest. The count heard the loveliest music and angelic voices singing.

Then the Child whispered something to Anthony. The saint turned and looked at the door. The count knew that the Child had told Anthony that he was there. He feared that Anthony would tell him to go away. But Anthony simply smiled and turned again to look at the Child. This made the count very happy, for he knew that the Child was Jesus.

Soon the Child disappeared. The music ceased. The room was lighted only by the dim lamp. At last Anthony got up from his knees. He walked to the door and flung it open. The count bowed

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low before him and begged: "Tell me what our Lord said to you."

"He told me," answered the saint, "that your house will have great peace and happiness as long as it is true to Holy Mother Church. If it is untrue to her it will perish."

This prophecy was true. The house did perish when the family became Calvinists in the seventeenth century.

Then Anthony told the count that while the saint lived he must not tell what he had seen. The count obeyed. After Anthony died the count told the story of the Child's visit to him. Ever since then people have made pictures and statues of St. Anthony with the Christ Child.

*Pray that I may be good, like you,
O dear St. Anthony,
So that my kind and loving Lord
Will want to stay with me.*

WHY WE PRAY TO ST. ANTHONY TO HELP US FIND LOST THINGS

At the time when St. Anthony lived, in the Middle Ages, books were very precious. There were no printing presses in those days. Books were copied in handwriting. Anthony had spent many

hours in making a copy of the Psalms, with notes to explain the difficult parts.

At this time Anthony was staying in the monastery of Montpellier. One of the novices in this monastery decided he would not be a monk. He ran away at night. He stole Anthony's precious book and took it away with him. He probably expected to sell it for a big sum of money.

Early the next morning Anthony found that the novice had gone and had taken the book. The saint knelt before his Crucifix and prayed. At the moment when he prayed the novice was about to cross a bridge, many miles away. Suddenly the novice saw a terrible monster coming toward him. The monster had an ax. He told the novice that if he did not take the book back to Anthony he would be killed. The novice ran in terror back to the monastery.

He ran through the house till he found Anthony. With many tears he threw himself at the feet of the saint. He begged the saint to take his book and also to let him come back to the monastery to live. Anthony granted his prayers. The novice became very good after this. He never again wanted to leave the monastery or to steal anything from anybody.

Because of this story people have always prayed to St. Anthony to help them find lost things. He

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always does this if it is right that the thing be found.

In 1729, long after St. Anthony's death, Antonio Dante, a Spanish merchant, left Spain for South America. He established his business in Lima, Peru. His wife, who was in Spain, wrote several letters to him. She did not get even one letter from him. She was afraid something bad had happened to him.

One day she went to the Church of St. Francis, at Oviedo. There was a large statue of St. Anthony in this church. She had with her a letter to her husband. She put the letter in the hands of the statue. She prayed:

"St. Anthony, I pray you let this letter reach my husband. Obtain for me a speedy reply."

The next day she came back to the church to pray again. Seeing a letter in the hands of the statue she began to cry. She asked the saint:

"St. Anthony, why did you not do as I asked you? Why did you keep my letter instead of sending it to my husband?"

She cried so much that the sacristan came to ask her what was the matter. She told him. Then he said:

"I saw that letter this morning. I tried to take it from the hands of St. Anthony. He would not let go. See whether he will give it to you."

The woman took the letter easily. At the same moment three hundred golden coins fell from the sleeve of the statue. The sacristan ran to the monastery and called all the monks to come to the church. When all were there the woman opened the letter. It was from her husband. He told her that he had been worried because he had not received any letter from her. He said that a Father of the Order of St. Francis had at last brought him a letter from her. He said that he had given the Father three hundred gold coins to bring to her.

Just imagine how happy this letter made the good woman and the monks. She let them keep the letter. It is still kept in their monastery.

*O dear St. Anthony,
Guard me each day,
That into snares of sin
I may not stray.*

THE BOY SAINT OF PADUA

In the city of Lisbon, in Portugal, lived a very good man of noble birth named Martino de Bouillon. He was descended from Godfrey de Bouillon, who led the First Crusade. His grandfather, Vincenzo de Bouillon was a very grave man who was made governor of Lisbon. From that time the

oldest son of the family held this office. Martino's wife, Dona Teresa, was also of noble birth.

On August 15, 1195, a little son was born to these good parents. Eight days afterwards, they took the child to the cathedral and he was baptized and named Fernando. His mother consecrated him to the Blessed Virgin.

The first word Fernando spoke was "Mary." His mother often showed him the pictures of our Lady. Whenever he was hurt and cried about it, his mother showed him a picture of our Lady. Very soon his tears turned to smiles. All his life he loved our Lady dearly. He asked her to help him in everything.

When Fernando was ten years old he was very handsome. He was slim and straight. He had long dark curls and large brown eyes. He had a very sweet expression on his face. He wore the plain dark clothes of a cleric at the school of the cathedral in Lisbon. When he was ten years old he worked the first of the many, many miracles which gave him the name, The Wonder-Worker of Padua.

Fernando was kneeling one day at the shrine of our Lady in the cathedral. He was looking at the tabernacle in which our Lord dwelt. Suddenly a terrible demon appeared before him. Fernando stooped low and made the Sign of the

Cross on the marble. The demon vanished. The Sign of the Cross is still to be seen on that piece of marble. God used this means to tell Fernando that He wanted all his love.

When Fernando was fifteen years old he decided to become a monk. He asked his parents' consent. They gave it. Then he went to the Monastery of St. Vincent, in which the monks of St. Augustine lived. He knelt at the feet of the prior and asked to be received. The prior received him. Soon he was dressed in the white robe of these monks.

Fernando's friends missed him very much. Some of them came to see him every day. Fernando loved his friends, but they kept him away from the silence and loneliness that he wanted for his soul. After two years, he thought it best to leave this monastery which was so near his friends. The prior and the other monks did not want him to leave them. They liked him very much. But at last they consented.

Fernando went to live in the Abbey of Santa Cruz, almost a hundred miles away. This was a great school. There Fernando studied theology and the Sacred Scriptures. He liked books, but his prayers always came first. Once, when he was working in a part of the abbey far from the chapel, he heard the bell ring for the Elevation of

the Mass. He turned toward the chapel and knelt down. He could see the priest at the altar as well as if there had been no walls between.

*O Jesus, help my soul to stay
Before Thy altar, night and day.*

HOW FERNANDO BECAME A POOR FRIAR CALLED ANTHONY

Near the Monastery of Santa Cruz stood the Franciscan Abbey of the Olives. It was named in honor of St. Anthony of the desert, a hermit who lived in the third century and who first got men to live together as friars. Some of these Franciscans went out daily to beg food. Often they came to Santa Cruz. Fernando liked these Franciscan friars.

One day five of these friars came to Santa Cruz. Fernando got to be friends with them. They went to Morocco. They were put to death there for Christ. Their bodies were brought to the Monastery of Santa Cruz. They were buried in a beautiful chapel. Fernando often prayed at their tomb. He began to wish that he could die as they did. He decided to become a Franciscan. The Augustinians did not want him to leave them. At last, however, they consented. Fernando changed his white habit for the brown one of St.

Francis. He asked to be sent to Morocco. He took the name of Anthony.

Anthony was sent to Morocco. He did not die there, however. He was needed at home. So God made him sick with a fever. He could not stay in Morocco. After four months he started back to Portugal. A storm came up. The ship was cast upon the shore of Sicily. Anthony stayed in a monastery there for two months.

At this time there was to be a general assembly of the Franciscans in Assisi. So Anthony went to Assisi to see St. Francis. He was filled with great joy when he saw St. Francis surrounded by over two thousand friars. Soon Anthony met St. Francis. He told St. Francis he wanted to stay in Assisi with him. St. Francis gave him permission. He entered the monastery there. He did not tell the friars of his great learning. They made him do housework. Finally he was sent to the mountains to say the daily Mass for six Lay Brothers in a poor little house in a lonely place. It was called Monte Paolo.

There Anthony said daily Mass for the Brothers. He worked very hard for them. Near the house was a grotto. Anthony went there to pray in his free time. He slept on a bed of straw with a stone for a pillow. He lived on bread and water.

He prayed and studied and thought about God. He translated the Psalms of David.

In Ember Week, March 19, 1222, Anthony went with the provincial, Father Gratiano, to Forli for an ordination ceremony. Father Gratiano was to give a sermon. He asked some of the Benedictine monks to give it. No one was prepared. Suddenly he told Anthony to preach a sermon. The saint preached such a glorious sermon that from then on he was called Anthony the Preacher.

St. Francis then told Anthony to teach theology to the friars and also to preach whenever and wherever he could. St. Francis sent him to Vercelli to study theology in the Monastery of St. Andrew. Anthony amazed everybody by his learning. Then he was sent to Bologna to teach theology.

There were many heretics in Europe at this time. A heretic is one who denies some of the teachings of Christianity. Anthony preached so well against them that he was called the Hammer of Heretics. There was one very bad heretic who was also a cruel tyrant. In one day he put twelve thousand people to death. Anthony went to see this tyrant. He told him how bad he was. Suddenly the tyrant got down from his throne. He knelt at the feet of Anthony. He begged the saint

to pray for him because he was so bad. He was a better ruler after this.

Anthony was a very great preacher. Whenever he preached, thousands of people came to hear him. Some of them came because they were curious to see the man who could work such wonderful miracles. But even these curious people became better from hearing Anthony preach.

Once Anthony preached at Rimini to a crowd of sinners who would not pay attention to him. So Anthony went forth from the city. He went to the bank of a river near the sea. He stood between the river and the sea. Then he called out in a loud voice:

“Hear the word of God, fishes of the sea and of the stream, since heretics will not hear it.”

Suddenly a great number of fish swam up to the bank of the river and the shore of the sea. The little fish swam in front of the big fish. There was row after row of fish. They stuck their heads up out of the water and looked at Anthony. They moved their front fins gently to hold themselves still in the water. Hundreds and hundreds of them stayed and listened while Anthony talked to them.

Anthony told the fish to give thanks to God for all He had done for them. He told them that God had given them the beautiful water for a home, and fine, strong fins with which they could

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swim wherever they wished. He also told them that their ancestors had given food to our dear Lord during His life and after His Resurrection.

The longer Anthony preached, the more fish gathered to hear him. Some people went by and saw this marvelous thing. They ran to the city of Rimini and told the people about it. All the good people of the city and all the heretics ran to the place where Anthony was preaching. The heretics threw themselves at his feet. They begged him to forgive them and to preach to them. Anthony then sent the fish away. He went back to the city and stayed for many days to preach to the people.

God let St. Anthony do this marvelous thing so the people would believe in the saint's mission from God.

*O dear St. Anthony,
Guard me from heresy.*

THE WONDER WORKER OF PADUA

Under Anthony's teaching many heretics came back to the Church, and many cities which were at war made peace. The saint also worked great miracles. So the Holy Father, Pope Gregory IX, wanted to have him come to Rome and receive a

high office in the Church. But Anthony thought about what St. Francis had said when he was offered an honor: "My children are called Friars Minor, because they hold the lowest rank in the church." So he was allowed to remain as he was.

One of the greatest of Anthony's miracles was worked to help his father, Martino de Bouillon. A young nobleman of Lisbon had been murdered. Martino de Bouillon was accused of the murder. He was cast into prison. The evidence against him was strong. The body of the murdered nobleman had been found in Martino's orchard. When Martino's trial took place he was condemned to death. The soldiers were leading him forth to put him to death when a marvelous thing happened.

Anthony was at this very hour preaching a sermon in Padua. God told him about his father. Anthony covered his face with his hood and leaned against the side of the pulpit. The congregation wondered at his silence, but they loved him so much that they waited until he explained it.

Anthony suddenly appeared in the court room at Lisbon. He ordered the soldiers who were leading his father to stop. Then he said to the judge:

"Know, O judge, that my father is innocent. He could not prove it, but if you will follow me I will prove it to you."

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All the people in the court room were filled with wonder at the dazzling beauty of Anthony. They followed him to the cathedral where the murdered man was buried. Anthony ordered the soldier to open the tomb. Then he said to the dead man:

“I order you, in the name of Almighty God, to rise up and tell the truth.”

The dead man rose up. All the people cried out with fear. The man said Martino was not his murderer. Then the judge asked the man to name his murderer. He answered: “I came back to save the life of the innocent, not to name the guilty.”

Then the young nobleman who had been dead threw himself at the feet of Anthony. He told the saint that he had been excommunicated, or expelled from the Church, when he died. He asked the saint to give him absolution and to get the sentence of excommunication lifted. Anthony gave him absolution. Then the nobleman lay down again in his coffin and was dead.

At that moment Anthony stood up straight again in the pulpit at Padua. He excused himself for his silence. He explained to the congregation what had happened. Everybody was filled with wonder. Some of them, however, did not believe Anthony. They wrote to Lisbon to learn the truth. They learned that Anthony had really

been in the two places at the same time. This was a miracle called bilocation.

Anthony loved his family dearly. You may be sure they loved him in return. His mother and his two sisters had the happiness of being present in Rome when he was canonized within a year after his death. St. Anthony worked a glorious miracle for one of his sisters a few years after this.

Paris, the little son of St. Anthony's sister, was playing one day with some other children on the bank of the Tagus River. They got into a sail-boat and sailed down the river. Suddenly a dreadful storm arose. The children screamed with terror. The waves dashed higher and higher. The little boat was whirled around and around. Then it was upset.

The children were not far from the shore. They swam quickly to the shore. They assembled and found Paris was missing. He was very young and he could not swim. He was drowned in the waves.

The children went sadly back to Lisbon. They went to tell the sad fate of Paris to his parents. The mother was wild with grief. The father, wishing to bury the child's body in consecrated ground, got some fishermen to look for it. The fishermen searched for several days. At last they

found the body. It was in a dreadful condition.

The poor mother would not let her child be buried. She clung to it and cried aloud. But the father pulled her away from the body. Then she threw herself on her knees and prayed to her dear brother in Heaven:

“O Anthony, my brother, prove to me that you love me. You work so many miracles for strangers. Work one for your sister. Anthony, give me back my son. If you will do this I will consecrate him to God in the Order of the Friars Minor.”

The poor woman rose from her knees. She looked at her son. Suddenly the child sat up and opened his eyes. He reached out his arms to his mother. With a cry of joy she ran to clasp him to her breast.

Paris lived to manhood. Then he became a Friar Minor. He lived a very holy life and died a happy death.

St. Anthony wants children to love and respect their parents. One of his most famous miracles during his life was worked for a woman whose son was mean to her. This young man told Anthony in confession that he had kicked his mother. Anthony thought this so dreadful a sin that he said to the young man:

“Wretch, you should cut off the foot that could do such a wicked thing!”

These words filled the young man with terror. He ran home and cut off his foot with an ax. His poor mother was wild with grief. She knew that he had done this because he was sorry that he had kicked her. She sent word to Anthony. The saint hurried to her home. When he got there he found the young man suffering greatly.

Anthony raised his eyes and hands to Heaven. He prayed God to help him. Then he took the foot that had been cut off and joined it to the bleeding leg of the young man. He blessed it. Suddenly the foot was fast to the leg as if it had never been cut off. The young man stood up and then threw himself at the feet of Anthony. You may be sure he was never mean to his mother again.

*O dear St. Anthony, keep me from sin
That happiness eternal I may win.*

How ALL THE WORLD HONORS ST. ANTHONY

St. Anthony died when he was thirty-six years old. When he died the children ran through the streets, crying:

“The saint is dead. St. Anthony is dead!”

All the people began to mourn because the dear

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saint had left them. Great numbers of people came by day and by night to the church where the body lay. They wanted to touch the sacred body. They brought Crucifixes and prayer beads to touch the body. Several cities wanted to have the body for burial. The citizens quarreled so fiercely that they nearly went to war. At last it was decided to bury the body at Padua.

There was a great funeral procession from Vercelli, where the saint died, to Padua. The Friars Minor walked in rank at the head. Then the coffin was carried along in a solemn manner. Then came the bishop and all his clergy. A body of soldiers followed next, and a great number of people followed them. They all sang hymns and carried lighted torches. Finally they came to the Church of St. Mary in Padua. The bishop sang a Solemn Requiem Mass. Then St. Anthony was buried.

Many miracles took place on that day at the saint's tomb. The blind could see. The deaf could hear. The cripples could walk. The dumb could talk. Pilgrimages were made every day for months afterwards from all parts of Europe. The streets were crowded with people, day and night.

Within a year after St. Anthony's death he was canonized by the Holy Father, Pope Gregory IX. This pope knew St. Anthony personally. He had

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once called the saint, Ark of the Covenant, because he knew the Sacred Scriptures so well.

The city of Padua built a beautiful temple to St. Anthony. His tomb was opened in 1263, thirty years after his death, so that the sacred remains might be taken to rest in this temple. When the coffin was opened the body was found to have become dust, but the tongue of the saint was just as it was in his life. God kept it so to show how He honored the tongue that had preached so well for His glory.

*O dear St. Anthony,
Please guard my tongue from ill,
And grant that I may do
God's ever holy Will.*

THE BREAD THAT TURNED TO ROSES



ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

THE BREAD THAT TURNED TO ROSES

How THE LITTLE PRINCESS WENT AWAY FROM HOME

*Dear St. Elizabeth, help me,
Obedient and kind to be.*

THE little Princess Elizabeth was sitting on the lowest step of the altar in the chapel of her father's great castle. She was a beautiful little girl. Her dark hair hung in curls over her shoulders. She was dressed in a red velvet gown. The gown was trimmed with jewels.

On Elizabeth's lap lay a heavy book. It was a Bible. It had big pictures in it. But Elizabeth was not reading the Bible. She could not read, for she was only four years old. Her tiny hands were clasped. Her soft dark eyes were raised to Heaven. Her red lips moved in whispered words. Elizabeth was praying.

A servant came into the chapel. The servant was Elizabeth's nurse. The nurse came to the altar and whispered: "Princess, you must come with me."

Elizabeth rose. The nurse took the Bible from

her and laid it at the end of the altar. Then they went down the aisle of the chapel. When they were in the hall the nurse said:

“Your royal father wants you to come to the throne room at once.”

Elizabeth trotted beside the nurse to the great throne room of her father, who was king of Hungary. She was always a bit afraid of this room. It was very big and grand. Her father looked so strong and stern in his kingly clothes that she did not feel at home with him. On this day she saw a group of knights standing before the throne on which her father sat. The knight who wore the finest armor turned to look at Elizabeth when she came into the room. The other knights looked straight ahead.

“Come to me, my child,” said King Alexander, Elizabeth’s father.

The little princess walked timidly forward till she stood before her father. Then the knight who wore the finest armor spoke:

“Good King, Thuringia will indeed be happy to have such a queen.”

“We are honored,” said Elizabeth’s father, “that the good Herman, Landgrave of Hesse and Thuringia and Count Palatine of Saxony has asked for the hand of our daughter for his son Louis.”

Elizabeth did not know what they were talking about and so she turned her dark eyes to look at her mother, who sat on her throne beside the king. Queen Gertrude smiled at her little daughter. Then suddenly she began to cry. Elizabeth's heart hurt when she saw her mother cry. She wanted to climb the throne and get into her mother's lap and kiss her. But she knew that she must stand still before the king till he sent her away. This was the custom in those days. People showed much respect for kings.

Elizabeth began to cry. She felt very bad. Then the nurse led her from the throne room. Soon the little princess was dressed in traveling clothes. The good queen came to the nursery. She took her little girl in her arms and cried. Elizabeth cried, too. Then the nurse took Elizabeth to the courtyard. The drawbridge was down. A great company of knights was in the courtyard. A horse covered with a blanket made of rich velvet was led forward.

The king kissed his little girl many times. Then he lifted her to the back of the horse. The nurse got up behind her. Then the king said to the knight who wore the finest armor:

“I give my greatest treasure to the care of your knightly honor.”

The knight answered: "I receive her gladly. I will ever be faithful to her."

This good knight was the Lord of Varila. From that day he was a friend to the princess.

Then, with blowing of horns and jingling of armor, the knights rode across the drawbridge and down the road. The horse that carried Elizabeth and the nurse trotted proudly. He seemed to know what a precious load he carried.

It was a long journey. Little Elizabeth slept most of the way in the arms of her nurse. Finally they came to a great castle. The drawbridge over the moat was let down. They rode across. A tall, stately man came to meet them. He was dressed in handsome clothes. He was the ruler who had asked for Elizabeth to be the bride of his son. He was called the landgrave. He took Elizabeth in his arms. He thanked God for giving her to him.

The landgrave carried Elizabeth into the great hall of the castle. Then he sent a servant to bring his son. Soon a boy of eleven years came into the hall. He bowed low to his father. His father then introduced him and Elizabeth.

"Dear children," said the landgrave, "the priest will come soon to hear your promise to marry when you will be old enough. I want you to call each other brother and sister from now on."

Louis, the boy, looked at Elizabeth. Elizabeth looked at Louis. She did not understand all the landgrave said, but she liked Louis. He was a good, kind boy and was handsome in his purple velvet suit with its graceful cape hanging from his shoulders. Elizabeth put her little hand into the boy's hand and whispered: "I love you."

Louis knelt on one knee and kissed her hand. Then he smiled at her and said: "And I love you, little sister."

The landgrave then took the children to the chapel. They knelt at the foot of the altar. The priest blessed them and read some prayers. Then they went to the throne room. Again the children knelt on a cushion. Elizabeth was very tired and sleepy. She said "yes" when the priest told her to. A knight brought a long roll of paper with writing on it. Louis wrote his name on the paper. The knight said to Elizabeth:

"Your name is written there. If you want to stay with Louis all your life, make a cross after your name."

Elizabeth looked at Louis. He smiled and said: "Yes, little sister." Elizabeth made the cross on the paper. Then two or three knights read from other long rolls of paper. Elizabeth was very sleepy. Her eyelids drooped and shut out the sight of the priest in his robes and the knights in

their armor. Her head fell against the strong shoulder of the boy beside her. Louis held her in his arms till the ceremony was ended. This ceremony was a solemn betrothal. After it, Louis and Elizabeth were engaged to be married when they should be old enough.

You see, in those days parents chose husbands and wives for their children. In royal families the children were promised when they were babies. In this way countries were bound in peace and unity. The countries could not go to war when their kings and queens were the same persons.

Elizabeth lived in the castle after this. The landgrave chose seven good girls to spend their time with the princess. One of these girls, named Guta, lived with Elizabeth almost all the rest of her life, and when the Holy Father in Rome was about to give Elizabeth the title saint, Guta told about the many good acts of her friend.

Soon after Elizabeth came to live in the landgrave's castle, her dear mother was cruelly killed by some bad men who wanted to get the power she had. This made the child very sad. She missed her dear mother's visits to her.

The little princess was very pious. She went to the chapel whenever she could. She tried to conquer herself in many little ways. She liked to

dance. So, after she had danced one dance at the great balls held in the castle, she would sit in her chair while the others danced. She liked pretty clothes. So, she chose clothes that were not pretty.

When Elizabeth was nine years old the good landgrave died. His wife was not kind to the princess. The wife's name was Sophia. She was called the landgravine. She did not like Elizabeth to be so very pious and to wear such plain clothes. Sophia had a daughter Agnes. Agnes also thought that Elizabeth was too pious. She was mean to Elizabeth. She said that Elizabeth was more fit to be a housemaid than to be the wife of Louis.

The other women and girls in the castle soon felt the same way about the princess. They made fun of her. Elizabeth was deeply hurt, but she never said one word of complaint. She put all her hope and trust in God.

Once, on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, the Landgravine Sophia said to Agnes and Elizabeth: "Let us go to Eisenbach to the Church of our Lady, to hear the Grand Mass of the Teutonic Knights, who honor her very much. Perhaps we shall hear a good sermon in praise of our Lady. Put on your richest robes and your crowns of gold."

The two young princesses dressed themselves in their richest robes and put on their crowns of gold. Then they went with Sophia to the church. They knelt on handsome pillows before a large Crucifix. When Elizabeth looked at the crown of thorns on the head of our dear Lord, she took off her crown of gold and laid it on the seat beside her. Then she bowed low and, covering her face with her mantle, prayed. Afterwards Sophia said to her:

“Why did you act in such a silly manner? You looked very foolish.”

“I could not wear a crown of gold, when there before me was my sweet, kind Jesus with a crown of thorns on His head.”

As Elizabeth grew older the knights and ladies of the court talked worse about her. They said she should be sent back to her father. They said she should become a Sister. They tried to make Louis hate her. But Louis loved her better when he saw how brave she was in bearing these cruel words and acts.

Once, the good Lord Walter of Varila, who had said he would take care of Elizabeth, went hunting with Louis. They sat down to rest. There was a mountain near this place. Lord Walter said to Louis: “What will you do with Elizabeth? Will

you send her back to her father, or will you keep your word and marry her?"

Louis sprang to his feet. He pointed to the mountain and cried: "Do you see that mountain? Were it made of gold and were it offered to me to send away my Elizabeth I would never do it. Let people say and think what they wish. I say that I love her better than any one or anything in this world. I will have my Elizabeth. I love her better for her goodness than all the riches of the world."

"May I tell her this?" asked Lord Walter.

"Yes, please do," said Louis, "and give her this gift to show my faith in her." Louis gave Lord Walter a little locket that had a picture of our crucified Lord in it.

Elizabeth was very happy over the things Louis had said and the gift. She thought of them when other people were cruel to her.

The years passed. When Elizabeth was thirteen years old, her wedding to Louis took place. They were married in the chapel of the castle. Knights in armor and ladies in beautiful gowns filled the chapel. Louis and Elizabeth said their vows. Then the priest blessed them. They heard Holy Mass and received Holy Communion.

There was great rejoicing after the wedding. Louis and Elizabeth were very happy. They got

many lovely gifts, but they did not care for the gifts. They were happy just to think that they now really belonged to each other.

*O Jesus, when joy comes to me,
Grant that I may remember Thee.*

How ELIZABETH SHOWED HERSELF TO BE A HOLY QUEEN

Louis was called “the good landgrave” by the people whom he ruled. He was brave and handsome, and he was very kind. The king of the country gave him a lion for a present. The lion was kept chained in the courtyard of the castle. Once the lion got loose. All the servants ran in terror from the courtyard. There was no one to catch the lion.

Louis heard the servants yelling. He went into the courtyard. The lion roared and rushed at Louis. Elizabeth heard the yelling and the roaring in the courtyard. She looked from a window. She saw the lion rush at Louis. Suddenly the lion stopped. He waved his tail back and forth. Then he began to purr like a cat. He walked to Louis and lay down at his feet.

The servants came slowly back into the courtyard. They brought a chain and fastened it to the lion’s collar and led the lion back to his den. They

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knew that Louis had been permitted by God to tame the animal because of his own goodness and the goodness of Elizabeth.

When Louis was a boy he had chosen three virtues for his own, piety, purity, and justice. He practiced these virtues faithfully during all his life. Elizabeth was very proud of her husband. She obeyed his slightest wish. She tried never to hurt him in any way. Louis was even more proud of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth rose every night at midnight to kneel by her bed and think about our dear Lord's birth in the manger of Bethlehem. Sometimes, when it was very cold, Louis would worry because she did this. He was afraid she would catch cold and die.

"Dear little sister," he would say, "please take care of yourself."

Elizabeth would ask for just a moment longer to pray. She would be so quiet that he would go to sleep. Sometimes she would pray so earnestly that she would forget to return to bed, and morning would find her still on her knees by the bed.

Elizabeth always went with Louis on his journeys among the people whom he ruled. They could not bear to be parted. When he had to go to other countries, however, she could not always go with him. While he was gone, she laid aside her royal robes of velvet and silk and wore coarse

black clothes. She fasted and prayed. When he returned, she put on her royal clothes and ran into the courtyard to meet him.

In those days women of royal houses did not sit at the same table with their husbands. They sat at another table. Louis and Elizabeth did not like this. So Elizabeth sat beside Louis at the table. Sometimes the knights who ate at the table used rough language. They never did this when Elizabeth was there. They thought she was too kind and holy to hear rough language. They saw that she did not eat the rich foods on the table. They did not know why she did not eat them.

Elizabeth had the servants bring her poorer food than the others ate, because she wanted to do penance for the conversion of sinners. She wore a rough shirt under her rich clothes. In spite of this, however, she was always cheerful and happy. She did not like pious people to wear long faces. Once she said: "Such people seem as if they want to frighten the good God. Why do they not give Him what they can cheerfully, and with a good will?"

When Louis was away Elizabeth lived on bread and water. Once Louis came home when she was not expecting him. He was tired and hungry. He picked up her cup to take a drink from it. When

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he set it down he said to the servant: "Where did you get such good wine?"

The servant said: "The Lady's cup was filled with water."

Louis looked at Elizabeth. She smiled at him. She had asked God to help her. God had changed the water into wine. Louis thanked God for giving him such a saint for his wife. So many marvelous things happened in their lives that Louis knew how dear Elizabeth was to God.

Once when Louis came home, his mother Sophia met him in the hall. She was very angry. She said: "Come, and I shall tell you what your foolish Elizabeth has done."

"What do you mean?" asked Louis. He did not like the way in which his mother spoke of Elizabeth.

"Just come and see," she said. "You will see some one she loves more than you."

She took him to his own room. Elizabeth was standing by his bed. Some one was in the bed.

"There is a leper in your bed," said Sophia. "Elizabeth is taking care of him. Now you will catch the dreadful disease."

For a moment Louis stood still in horror. Leprosy is such a horrible disease. He knew the man in bed must be covered with horrible sores. Perhaps his hands and feet were eaten away by

the horrible disease. Then Louis walked to the bed. He pulled back the covers. Suddenly he knelt by the bed. For a moment the man in the bed seemed to be the Savior as He was when He was taken down from the Cross.

Louis turned to Elizabeth and said: "Sweet sister, I pray you often to bring such sick and needy persons to my bed. Welcome indeed are they. I shall see that no one troubles you in doing your acts of charity."

Louis knelt for a moment longer and prayed: "O Lord, have mercy on me a sinner. I am not worthy to behold Thy wonders. Help me to become like Thee."

Louis rose from his knees and took Elizabeth in his arms and kissed her. She then whispered to him: "My dearest brother, please give me money to build a hospital near our castle. We must build it lower on the hillside than our castle, because the poor sick are sometimes too weak to come to me here."

Louis could not refuse. Soon the hospital was built. Elizabeth went there every day to take care of the sick who could not come to the castle.

One day Elizabeth was carrying an apronful of bread down to the hospital. Louis and a company of knights were riding up the hill. When they met her, Louis got down from his horse and

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said: "Sweet sister, you should not carry such heavy burdens. Let me see what you have?"

Louis pulled open the apron. Out tumbled beautiful white and red roses. Elizabeth covered her face with her hands and wept. Louis started to take her in his arms but drew back when he saw a light in the form of a cross above her head. Without a word he took a white rose and got on his horse and rode away. The knights, filled with wonder, followed him.

Soon after this, Louis had a monument built on the spot where Elizabeth's bread had turned to roses.

On Good Fridays Elizabeth went to church in very poor clothes and walked with the poorest people. She went barefoot from one church to another.

On one great feast day Elizabeth and Louis were kneeling together in church. During the Mass Elizabeth kept thinking about Louis and how much she loved him. When the bell for the Consecration rang she raised her eyes to the altar. Instead of seeing the white Host in the hands of the priest, she saw the bleeding form of the crucified Christ Whom she had forgotten during the first part of the Mass.

Elizabeth fell to the floor and wept during the rest of the Mass. Louis did not know why she did

this. He did not like to ask her, and so he went from the church. She stayed there on the floor weeping. At last Louis went back after her. He said:

“Dear sister, why have you stayed here weeping so bitterly?”

Elizabeth raised her face wet with tears. Louis knelt beside her. She whispered the story to him. Louis wept and prayed with her for a long time. Then he said: “Let us trust God, dear sister. I will not come between you and Him. I will help you to do penance and become better than you are.”

After this Elizabeth did not think about Louis during her prayers. She and Louis tried harder than ever to do everything to please God.

Elizabeth entered the Third Order of St. Francis, in 1221, the year after her marriage. She liked to wear a brown robe such as St. Francis wore. Once, St. Francis sent her his old mantle for a present. She kept it carefully and wore it when she wanted to ask a special favor of God.

Soon after this, Elizabeth’s father sent some messengers to see how she was. They came in royal clothes. When Louis went to get Elizabeth to see them, she was dressed in poor clothes. He said to her:

“Dear sister, here are some of your father’s

knights come to visit us. I am sure that they have come to see how I am taking care of you. You must not come to see them in these poor clothes. If you do, they will return and tell your father that I am unkind to you."

"My dear brother," answered Elizabeth, "do not worry about this. I will not be proud in my dress. I shall try to be so kind to these good knights that they will forget how I am dressed."

Louis went back to his guests, because Elizabeth said she wanted to pray for a few moments in the chapel. She asked God to make her appearance pleasing to the guests. When she entered the hall where the knights were, they gasped at her beauty. She seemed to be dressed in robes of beautiful silk and a mantle that hung from her shoulders was sprinkled with costly jewels. The knights said that the queen of France could never be more royally dressed.

When the knights had gone Louis came to Elizabeth's room. She was again in her old clothes. He said: "Dear sister, where did you get those beautiful clothes? Your servants told me that you had nothing beautiful to wear."

Elizabeth lifted her dark eyes to his and smiled and said: "See what the Lord can do when He pleases."

During the next year Louis took Elizabeth to

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visit her father. It was a happy visit for them all. Soon after they returned to Thuringia, the Princess Agnes was married to Henry, Duke of Austria. At the banquet after the wedding the guests saw that Elizabeth was not present. They asked for her. Louis said he would go to look for her. When he came to her room, he found her there and said:

“Dearest sister, are you not coming to the table? The guests are asking for you.”

“I have no mantle to wear. I was going to the hall when I passed a poor, half-naked beggar. I had no money with me. So I gave him my silk mantle. He went away with it.”

Just then a maid-servant came into the room and said: “Lady, your mantle is hanging on a nail in your wardrobe. Shall I bring it to you?”

Elizabeth told her to do so. Soon the mantle was in Elizabeth’s hands again. She and Louis knew then that Christ had taken the form of a beggar and had returned her mantle which she in sweet charity had given Him.

*Dear Jesus, may I ever be
Kind to the poor, for love of Thee.*

How ELIZABETH JOURNEYED INTO THE LAND OF SORROWS

When Elizabeth was sixteen years old, God sent her a little son. Elizabeth was at a castle near the city of Eisenach. Outside the walls of this city was the church of St. Catherine. When the baby, who had been baptized with the name Herman, was two weeks old, Elizabeth took him to this church.

Elizabeth was dressed in a simple woolen gown. Her feet were bare. She walked along a steep rugged path with her child in her arms. No one would have known she was a princess. Behind her came a servant carrying a little lamb and a candle. Elizabeth came at last to the church. She entered and walked to the altar. She laid her child at the foot of the altar. The servant laid the lamb there, too, Elizabeth lighted the taper. Then she knelt and prayed:

“O Lord Jesus Christ, I offer Thee this precious child. I give him back to Thee who gave him to me. I ask Thee for only one favor. Take my little son into the number of Thy friends and servants and give him Thy blessing.”

Rising from her knees Elizabeth told the servant to take the lamb as an offering to the priest. Then she walked home again, with her baby in

her arms. Elizabeth had three more children, and each of them was consecrated to God by this holy mother. Two of her daughters became Sisters when they grew to womanhood.

When Elizabeth was seventeen, a good priest called Master Conrad became the director of her soul. She made a vow of obedience to him and another vow not to marry again if Louis should die before she should. Master Conrad soon knew that he was directing the soul of a saint. He decided to make her do great penance. He made her humble herself for the slightest faults. He scolded her constantly. She was always patient.

At this time Louis had to go into Italy to fight in a war. While he was away a dreadful famine came upon Thuringia. The people had to eat roots and nuts and wild fruits. They had to eat horses and dogs for food. Elizabeth was very sorry. She gave away all her husband's money. She opened his granaries and gave away all the grain. Twice each day Elizabeth carried food from her own home to the hospitals of the neighborhood. In one of the hospitals were sick children. The poor little ones crowded around her when she came and clung to her dress and cried: "Mother! Mother!"

Once, when she was giving meat to the poor, the supply got low. She saw dozens of beggars

still coming for food. She prayed and kept on giving piece after piece. More pieces of meat came in a miraculous way to take the place of those she gave. After she had fed the crowd she still had some pieces left. The beggars knew that God had worked a miracle for Elizabeth.

The people of Thuringia have since that time given up the Catholic faith, but they remember Elizabeth. A spring of clear water near this place is named St. Elizabeth, in honor of "the princess of the poor."

Louis came home before the famine ended. Elizabeth wept with joy when he came, because she had not seen him for so long. Soon the servants came to complain to Louis that Elizabeth had given away all his wealth. Louis was angry at them. He said:

"Is my dear wife well? That is what matters. Do not tell me foolish complaints against her. She is to give all she wishes. You must help her to do this."

Elizabeth's joy over having Louis with her did not last long. All Germany was getting ready for a new crusade to the Holy Land, to recover from the unbelievers the sacred places where our dear Lord lived on earth. One evening Louis and Elizabeth were sitting on a royal couch in the great hall. Elizabeth playfully unfastened his

velvet girdle. The cross worn by the crusader fell at her feet.

The loving wife knew what this meant. Louis was going on the crusade. She fainted at her husband's feet. Louis raised her tenderly and laid her on the couch. He waited till she recovered. Then he said to her:

“Little sister, I go for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Elizabeth wept for a long time. Then she said: “Dear brother, if it is not against the will of God, stay with me.”

But Louis said: “Little sister, let me go, for I have made a vow to God.”

Elizabeth wiped her eyes and whispered: “Against the will of God I cannot keep you. Go, in the Name of God.”

Louis took with him a great company of knights. Elizabeth rode with him to the end of his domain. Then she rode for two days more. The good lord of Varila said she must return. When she parted from Louis, he showed her a ring he wore and said:

“Elizabeth, my truest, dearest sister, see this ring. On it is engraved the Lamb of God. Whoever brings you this ring, believe him to bring it from me. May the Lord bless you. Never forget me in your prayers.”

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With bitter tears they parted. Elizabeth returned home to pray. Louis went on with his knights. But he was not to fight a crusade. He became sick with fever and died. Before he died he sent a knight home with his ring for Elizabeth.

When the knight came to the castle, he heard sounds of rejoicing. He heard that a little baby girl had been born to Elizabeth. The knight told Sophia the news of the death of Louis. Sophia went to Elizabeth's room. She gave the ring to Elizabeth and said:

"You know what this means. Our Louis is dead."

For a moment Elizabeth seemed to have lost her mind. She sprang from her bed and ran through the halls, crying: "He is dead—dead—dead!" Then she fainted. When the servants carried her to her bed and she had recovered, she prayed:

"Jesus, I have lost everything but Thee. Oh, how can I live without Louis? Thou alone canst save me. O Jesus, help me in my sorrow."

For a few days all the household felt sorry for Elizabeth, who was then only twenty years old and had four children to take care of. Then the two brothers of Louis began to scheme to get their brother's property from her and her children.

The cruel brothers drove Elizabeth and her

children from the castle. They sent out an order that no one in the domain was to give them shelter. Elizabeth and her little ones went from house to house. They were turned away from every house. At last they came to a poor inn. The innkeeper told Elizabeth she could stay in a hut in which he usually kept his pigs. He drove out the pigs to make room for the princess of Hungary.

The children cried from cold and hunger. Elizabeth took them with her to a church where she prayed for help. Then she went into the streets of the city to beg. A poor priest gave her and the children shelter during the day. Then came an order from the court telling her to stay with a certain knight in his castle. He was a cruel knight. He shut Elizabeth and the children into a poor room. There were no fire and no food.

In the morning Elizabeth took her children back to the hut. Then she went to a friend who was true to her. She asked this friend to take her children and care for them. Elizabeth wept over parting from her children, but she knew she must give them up.

Elizabeth lived in her little hut and made her living by spinning and begging. One of the few friends she had was a woman named Ysentrude, who had lived at the castle with the princess.

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Many times during these days of sorrow Elizabeth was given the great favor of visits from our dear Lord, His Mother, and some of the saints. Once, when she was weeping over her sins, our Lord appeared to her and said:

“Do not grieve, dearest child, for all thy sins are forgiven. Know that I have been punished for them in every part of my body and in every power of my soul. Know that thou art, therefore, made pure from all sin.”

“If this is true,” asked Elizabeth, “why can I not cease to offend Thee?”

“I have not made thee holy,” answered our Lord, “so that thou canst not do wrong, but I have given thee grace so that thou wouldest rather die than do wrong.”

Once, when Elizabeth was grieving because her enemies were cruel to her, our Blessed Mother came to her and said: “If thou wilt be my child I will be thy mother. And when I have taught thee as a mother can, I will give thee to my Son. Shun all quarrels. Shut thine ears to all evil that is said against thee. Remember that my Son was forced to fly into Egypt to escape from His enemies.”

On a Christmas Eve our Lady came to Elizabeth and asked: “Who is there to love my Son?”

Elizabeth wanted to say, “I love Him,” but she

was afraid. Then our Lady said: "Shall I tell thee who have loved Him? The blessed Bartholomew, the blessed John, and the blessed Laurence loved Him. Yet I tell thee truly, if thou wilt give up all things dear to thee, I will obtain for thee the merit of Bartholomew when he was flayed alive. If thou wilt bear injuries patiently, thou shalt have the merit of Laurence when he was roasted over the fire. If thou wilt make no reply to cruel words, thou shalt have the merit of John when his enemies tried to give him poison."

Then, with a sweet smile, our Lady was gone. For a long time Elizabeth knelt in prayer, and into her breathing came the perfume of flowers and into her hearing came faint, far music beautiful beyond dreams.

*Sweet Saint, please help me ever be
Patient when trials come to me.*

How ELIZABETH WENT HOME TO HEAVEN

The Landgravine Sophia began to feel very sorry for Elizabeth. She could not protect the princess from the cruel brothers of Louis, and so she sent a message to Elizabeth's aunt, the abbess of Kitzingen. The good abbess sent messengers to bring Elizabeth to the abbey. She sent also

for the children. They were very happy to be with their dear mother again.

Then Elizabeth's uncle, Egbert, Prince Bishop of Bamberg, sent for Elizabeth to come to his house. She left one of her daughters with the Sisters and went with her other children to her uncle. Her uncle gave her the castle of Botenstein for her home. She went there to live with the children and her faithful friends, Ysentrude and Guta.

The Bishop thought Elizabeth should marry again. He wanted her to marry the Emperor Frederick. Elizabeth said to him: "Good uncle, I had one dear and loving husband. I had a share in his honors and his wealth. I do not care for the riches and pleasures of the world. I want to belong only to God. I pray you to let me remain unmarried."

Her uncle refused at first, but Elizabeth prayed until his heart was softened, and then he understood what she wished to do. She wished to think only of God and to belong only to Him.

Soon after this the crusaders brought home the coffin that held the bones of Louis. Elizabeth wept bitterly over the coffin, but she thanked God that she could now at least visit the grave of her dear one. She prayed aloud:

"Dear God, I thank Thee for this comfort.

Thou knowest that if he could have stayed with me I would gladly have endured poverty for his sake. Now I give him and myself to Thy holy will. I would not, if I could, buy back his precious life unless Thou didst wish it."

When her uncle heard this prayer he no longer thought of another marriage for Elizabeth. Elizabeth then asked the good knights to defend the rights of her children from the cruel brothers. They promised to do this.

The Lord of Varila and some other knights went to the cruel brothers. They made the brothers understand how mean they had been. Then the brothers begged Elizabeth to forgive them. She did this gladly. Her share of the property was given to her.

Elizabeth went to live at Wartburg. Soon after this, the Holy Father, Gregory VII, wrote her a kind letter telling her that he would protect her.

Elizabeth took the three vows of religion: poverty, chastity, and obedience, in the Third Order of St. Francis. On Good Friday the Provincial of the Friars Minor in Hesse cut off Elizabeth's hair, dressed her in a gray tunic, and put the cord of St. Francis around her waist. She wore this dress until she died.

The children, Herman and Sophia, were sent to the Castle of Creutzburg to live. The little Ger-

trude was sent to the convent of Aldenburg. This left Elizabeth alone with God. She earned her living by spinning and gave all the income from her property to the poor. She did all the house-work herself. She built a hospital and took care of the sick with her own hands.

Elizabeth's father sent a messenger to bring her to his home. She told the messenger to go home and tell her father how contented she was. The messenger was sad when she told him this, but he obeyed her.

Elizabeth spent much of her time in caring for the poor. Once a boy who was crippled and deaf and dumb was left by his mother on Elizabeth's doorstep. Elizabeth found him there and asked him who he was and why he came. He could not answer. Then Elizabeth said: "In the name of our Lord, I command you to stand and to tell me about yourself."

The child stood. He stretched his twisted arms and legs. In a moment he was as straight as any child. Then he said: "My mother brought me here. How strange! I am saying words I have never heard. Bless you for curing me."

Elizabeth was filled with wonder at what she had done. She fell on her knees and prayed. Then she ran away to hide herself. The boy's mother soon came and cried out when she saw

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her boy standing there: "Who has cured you?"
"A sweet lady dressed in gray."

The mother ran to find Elizabeth. She told every one she met about the miracle. So Elizabeth could not escape the notice she had run away from.

One night, as Elizabeth lay on her bed praying, our Lord came to her and said: "Soon I will come to bring you to Heaven, dear Elizabeth."

Elizabeth got ready for death. She arranged for her burial. She made a last visit to her beloved poor. Then she became very sick. One night a little bird came and perched on the wall and sang very sweetly. Then Elizabeth said: "I know that I shall die in three days."

During these three days Elizabeth prayed and talked of God. Then she died happily. She was twenty-four years old. During her burial services many birds of a kind never seen before in that country came and perched on the roof of the church and sang sweetly. They came to sing of the beauty and holiness of the dear saint who had just gone home to Heaven.

*O lovely St. Elizabeth,
Help me to think sweetly of death.*

A SAINT WHO WENT ON THE CRUSADES



ST. LOUIS OF FRANCE

A SAINT WHO WENT ON THE CRUSADES

How a GREAT SAINT WAS BORN TO RULE THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE

*O great St. Louis, help all rulers be
Honest and brave and full of charity.*

EVERYBODY in France was very much excited on April 25, 1215. Messengers went galloping from town to town. The town crier walked up and down the streets in every town and rang a big bell and shouted the news. After the people heard his news they ran into the streets and shouted and waved flags.

If you had been in a town in France on that day you would have wondered what in the world all the excitement was about. A man in a handsome uniform dashed madly into the town on a foaming horse. He stopped his horse at the house of the town crier. Then the town crier ran out his door and shouted:

“Ho! Ho! Good sir, what news bring you?”

“A prince is born. God save His Majesty!”

Then the messenger spurred his horse and dashed madly on. The town crier threw up his hands and rushed into the house and got his

bell and rushed out again. He went down the street, ringing his bell and calling:

“Come one, come all. Rejoice and make merry.
A prince is born. God save His Majesty!”

The people rejoiced and made merry over the birth of the prince. Very few of them, however, were allowed to go into the royal palace and enter the royal bedchamber and see the wee baby about whom they rejoiced. Only the royal family saw him when he was so very young.

There he lay on a handsome bed. He was dressed in silk and fine linen. He was, however, just as tiny and helpless as any other little baby. You would not think there was anything unusual about this little child, even if he was the son of a king. But there was something unusual about him. If the people had known what it was, they would have been even more happy over his birth.

This wee, helpless baby, the son of King Louis VIII of France and the pious Queen Blanche of Castile was to be a great saint of God. He was to be St. Louis, King of France, who was to lead armies in the crusades and whose virtues have always been admired even by the enemies of Christ and His Church.

Queen Blanche was a very good mother. She did not trust her little son to the care of a nurse. She took care of him herself. She had him bap-

tized as soon as she could. She taught him everything a king should know. Above everything else, she taught him to love and serve God. Once, when he was just old enough to understand, she said to him:

“My little son, I love you with all my heart, but I would rather see you lying dead at my feet than know you had committed a mortal sin.”

The young prince never forgot these words of his mother. Many temptations to sin came to him as he grew older and lived in the court, but these words stayed in his memory and drove the temptations away. When Louis was only eleven years old, his father died. This meant that Louis was king. His mother ruled the people for him. She was called the queen regent.

The ceremony of crowning the young king was very grand. All the royal court was assembled. The royal banners flew from high staffs. Beautiful music was played. High Mass was sung, and King Louis received Holy Communion. Then he took his oath to rule for the honor of God, the defense of the church, and the good of his people. After praying for the young king and anointing him with holy oil, the bishop placed the crown on his head. Louis was then acclaimed by all the people as their king.

During the years before Louis was old enough

to rule as king, rival princes tried to seize his throne. Queen Blanche led the royal armies against them and conquered them. Louis was merciful to them and let them keep their estates.

Though he lived in the court, Louis prayed and fasted much. He chose the poorest food at table. He was always cheerful and kind to others, though he was hard on himself. He never let any one talk of unpleasant things at table. He always celebrated public occasions, such as giving men the title knight, but he never allowed bad or dangerous amusements in the court.

King Louis was very kind to the poor and sick. He used to go to the hospitals and take care of the sick, bathing and dressing them and giving them medicine. He would bring the poor into his palace and serve them at his table. Though he did all these humble things, the people respected him greatly.

In those days singers went about from court to court to sing songs about war and love. Some of these singers would sing songs that were not nice. A few of them tried to sing these bad songs in the court of King Louis. He sternly ordered them to leave his court and never to return. He liked music and so he gave gifts to the ones who sang good songs.

When King Louis was twenty-one years old he

married Margaret, the eldest daughter of the Count of Provence. Margaret was beautiful and clever and pious. She made King Louis very happy. Soon after their marriage Louis began to govern France, because he was old enough at this time. Queen Blanche still gave him advice, which he followed carefully. Every day he recited the Divine Office and other prayers, besides hearing Mass. He wore a coarse shirt next to his body for a penance. He loved confession so very much that he went two or three times every week.

King Louis founded monasteries and built churches. Sometimes he worked with the laborers who were building the churches. In 1239, Baldwin II, the Latin Emperor of Constantinople, gave to King Louis the holy crown of thorns that our Lord wore during His Passion. The king sent two Dominican friars after it, and when they arrived in France he went to meet them. Attended by all his court and many of the clergy, King Louis and his brother Robert walked barefoot into Paris carrying the crown of thorns. The king put it into a reliquary in his own chapel.

King Louis ruled his people well. He protected the poor and weak from the rich and strong. He got princes and nobles who quarreled to make up

without going to war. He made many good and wise laws.

*O dear St. Louis, help me do
Deeds brave and gentle, just like you.*

How ST. LOUIS WENT ON HIS FIRST CRUSADE

At this time the barbarous Saracens had possession of the holy places in the East where our dear Lord lived when on earth. There was one very cruel prince among them, who heard of the holiness of King Louis. He wanted to kill the good king. He sent two men to kill the king. God told King Louis that these men were coming to kill him. The king had the two men taken prisoner. Then he told them kindly to go back to their prince.

Soon after this, the terrible Tartars planned to make war on France. Even Queen Blanche was afraid they would all be killed. But King Louis said:

“Mother, what have we to fear? If these barbarians come to us, we shall either conquer them or we shall be martyred.”

The king said this so calmly that the people were not afraid afterwards. They even thought it would be glorious to be martyred for Christ. Soon after this, King Louis decided to go on a

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crusade, to try to get the holy places away from the barbarians.

In 1244 he became very sick. The doctors thought he would die. A piece of the true cross on which our Lord died was laid upon him. He got well. As soon as he could talk he said he would go on the crusade. He sent for the bishop. The bishop received his vow to go on the crusade and put a badge made like a cross on his shoulder. Queen Blanche and Queen Margaret both cried when they heard him make his vow. They were afraid he would be killed.

In the month of May, 1249, King Louis started for the Holy Land. He made Queen Blanche the ruler during his absence. Queen Margaret went with him. After they were on the sea a terrible storm arose. Many of the ships were lost. They landed at Damietta, a strong fortress of Egypt, which is on an island formed by two of the mouths of the Nile River. The sultan had filled the river, with his ships. When King Louis saw all these ships he cried:

“Who am I but a wretched man, whose life belongs to God! If we conquer the enemy we give glory to God. If we die martyrs we shall also give glory to God. It does not matter which happens.”

King Louis and his army landed. They con-

quered the Saracens. Then King Louis walked barefoot into the city. He gathered his men together and said to them:

“While we are on this crusade, you must not think of me as your king. You must think of me as one of yourselves.”

They stayed in Damietta all summer. The king was very kind to the Saracens and got many of them to become Christians. He would not let his soldiers hurt them.

A few months later, the Count of Poitiers came with more soldiers. Then they all marched to Cairo, the capital of Egypt. On the march a disease broke out among the soldiers and many died. King Louis got the disease. He was very sick. He wanted to return to Damietta, because a little son had been born to Queen Margaret there. Just before he was to start he was taken prisoner by the Saracens.

The Saracens got a good doctor to take care of the king. He soon got well. His captors wanted him to talk against Christ. They showed him terrible instruments of torture they would use if he would not talk against Christ.

“You can do as you please with my body, but you cannot hurt my soul,” said the king.

When the sultan heard how brave King Louis was, he decided to set him free if he would pay

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a sum of money. Louis paid the money. Before he returned to France he went to Palestine to visit the holy places and to comfort the Christians there. He helped to repair churches and shrines. While he was in Palestine he got word that good Queen Blanche had died. This made him very sad, but he thanked God for letting her live to be old.

In April, 1254, King Louis, with his family and his troops in fourteen ships, set sail for France. On every ship there was a priest to say Mass for the soldiers and to give them the Sacraments. In September they arrived in France.

King Louis ruled his people well. He took good care of the poor and sick. He founded a hospital for poor blind men. There were many beggars in those days, and every day the king had poor people brought in to his table. He served them himself. He saw Christ in the poor. He remembered that Christ once said: "Whatever you do to these My least brethren you do also to Me."

*O great St. Louis, make me unafeard
To make against all sin a brave crusade.*

How St. LOUIS DIED ON HIS SECOND CRUSADE

King Louis wanted to go on another crusade. He did not want the holy places to be in the hands of the infidels. He hated to have the Christians

harmed by these wicked people. He was getting old, but he raised money and prepared to go again to the Holy Land.

The king's three eldest sons, Philip, John, and Peter, decided to go with their father on this crusade. The king set sail with his army in July, 1270. They went first to Africa and captured some cities there. While they were in Africa terrible fevers broke out in the camp. One of the first persons to die was the king's son John, the one who was born at Damietta.

On the day that John died, King Louis himself became very sick. He kept on with his duties as long as he could. Finally he had to go to bed. Every day he had the chaplain come to his bedside and recite with him the Divine Office. He had a great cross set up near his bed so that he could look at it.

He knew that he was very sick, and so he sent for his son Philip who would be the next king. He gave him a copy of some pious instructions which he had written in Paris. He said to his son in these instructions:

“My son, before all things you must love God. Be ready to suffer anything rather than commit any mortal sin. When sickness or sorrow comes to you, thank God for it. Bear it with courage, knowing that you deserve to suffer for serving

God so poorly. When good fortune is yours, thank God humbly, so that you will not become proud and thus offend God. Go to confession often. Ask the priest to tell you your faults and how to correct them. Hear Mass every day with devotion.

“Be generous to the poor. Love to talk with pious people. Do not keep evil people for your friends. Get good people to pray for you. Never let people talk unkindly about others when they are with you. Punish those who speak ill of God or His saints.

“Be very honest in ruling. Listen to the complaints of the poor. Try to secure peace and justice among your subjects. When you do not understand some quarrel try to find out both sides of the story before you decide.

“Love and honor the queen your mother and follow her counsels. Do not go to war, except for a good cause and only when necessary to prevent greater evil.

“Have great respect for the pope. Take good care of the church. Do all you can to keep your subjects from sin of every kind. Do not waste money. Do not tax your subjects unjustly.

“When I shall be dead have many Masses said for my soul. Give me a share in all the good works you may do. I give you my blessing, with

the most tender love a father can give a son. I pray our dear Lord Jesus Christ to strengthen you and give you grace so that you may never do anything against His Will and that you may serve Him well.

"I pray that we together may love and serve Him through all eternity. Amen."

The holy king looked after all the affairs of state. Then he said he did not wish to hear more about these things because he must prepare to die. He spoke to scarcely any one except his confessor.

On August 24, 1270, this good king received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. When the priest brought him Holy Communion he got out of bed, though he was very weak. He knelt at his bedside to receive our dear Lord.

Later on this day King Louis sent for the ambassadors of Greece who were in France. He told them that they ought to try to reunite the Greek Church to Rome. The Greek Catholics, you know, will not acknowledge the authority of our Holy Father the Pope.

King Louis told his attendants to lay him on a bed of ashes on the floor. They did this. All the rest of the day and during the night he prayed and gave praise to God. During the morning of the next day he was too weak to talk. Just at

noon, however, he looked up to Heaven and said aloud:

“Lord, I will enter into Thy house. I will adore in Thy holy temple, and I will give glory to Thy name.”

After he had said these words he lay very quiet until three o'clock. Then he said aloud: “Into Thy hands I commend my soul.”

Then, stretching out his arms as if he were on a cross, this good king died. He had ruled his people well during forty-three years. His brother Charles arrived at camp just after King Louis died. He was very sorry he had not been there earlier to say good-by to his dear brother.

Everybody in France was sad when this good king died. His people loved him dearly and thought of him as a saint. Many sick people had come to him during his life, and when he had prayed and had touched them they had been cured. You remember how the people rejoiced when he was born. They were just as sad when he died.

As soon as the people heard that the king was dead they began to pray to him as a saint. On the day that he was buried a blind woman in the diocese of Sens prayed to him. Immediately she could see. A few weeks after this a deaf and dumb child came with others to the tomb of King Louis.

The child knelt and prayed to the king. Immediately he could hear and speak as well as anybody.

King Charles carried part of the saint's body to Sicily and buried it under a great monument in the Abbey of Monte-Reale. Prince Philip carried the rest of the body into France and placed it in the Church of St. Denis. Many miracles were wrought at each of these tombs.

Pope Boniface VIII canonized this good king in 1297. Then the king was called St. Louis. During that year many miracles were worked for people who prayed to St. Louis.

At Evreux a child fell under the wheel of a water mill. A great number of people ran to the mill. They prayed God and our Lady and all the saints to keep the child from drowning. Then they heard a voice saying that the child should be dedicated to St. Louis and he would be saved.

Then the people saw the child floating on the mill stream. Some men jumped into the mill stream. They caught the child and pulled him to the bank. He seemed to be dead. They laid the child in the arms of his mother.

The mother took the child to the tomb of St. Louis. She prayed and offered her child to the saint. Suddenly the child gave a little sigh and

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opened his eyes. The mother and all the people gave thanks to St. Louis.

At another time a great wall fell on a child. When his mother ran to the spot she found that her child was buried under the great stones of the wall. She cried for help. Men came with oxen and ropes and pulleys. They hauled off the great stones one by one. During this time the mother and her friends knelt and prayed to St. Louis to save the child. At last they could see the child's bright-colored clothes through the openings in the stones.

"Oh, my little one," cried the mother, "art thou alive?"

Then they heard a childish laugh coming from the pile of stones and the little boy's voice calling to his mother:

"Hurry, Mother, and take me from this dark place. I thought you would never find me again. But St. Louis took care of me, and the stones did not hurt me at all."

Then the men worked harder than ever. In a few minutes more the little boy was in his mother's arms. All the people laughed and cried at the same time for joy.

St. Louis took good care of the poor during his life, and he still takes good care of them when they pray to him. Once, ten men were working in a

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quarry. The quarry caved in, and the men were covered with a great pile of stones and dirt. A man who saw this happen began to pray to St. Louis. He ran for help, praying as he ran. He got a number of men to help him. They all prayed to St. Louis while they dug down through the dirt and stones. They got the men out safe.

God gave this great power to St. Louis because the saint loved Him and served Him well while he lived on earth. St. Louis gave glory to God during his life on earth. Now God gives glory to St. Louis during his life in Heaven.

*O dear St. Louis, teach me how to live,
That all my life to Jesus I may give.*

LITTLE JOY OF THE HEART



ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA

LITTLE JOY OF THE HEART

How St. CATHERINE GOT HER PET NAME

*Dear Jesus, may I be
A little joy to Thee.*

THE family of the good James Benincasa and his wife Lapa lived in a large house in the city of Siena, in Italy, near the monastery of St. Dominic. Not far from this house was a fountain called Fonte Branda. In this fountain James Benincasa, who made his living by dyeing cloth, washed his cloth and yarns. So he was called the Dyer of Fonte Branda.

Such a houseful of children! There were twenty-five of them. Among the youngest was a little dark-eyed girl named Catherine. She was so kind and gentle and yet so full of fun and life that she was called Little Joy of the Heart. Catherine liked to go to the church. She ran to the church so lightly that her small feet seemed hardly to touch the earth.

One day when Catherine was only six years old, she went with her brother Stephen to see their married sister, Bonaventura. On their way they passed the Church of St. Dominic. As they came

toward the church the little Catherine suddenly saw on the top of the church a beautiful, shining throne. Our Lord sat on the throne, and with Him were St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John. Our dear Lord smiled at Catherine. The little girl stood still and smiled back at Him. Her brother, who did not notice that she had stopped, walked on. Soon he missed Catherine and looked back. She was standing still. He ran back to her and took her hand.

“What are you doing there? What do you see? Why do you not come with me?” he asked.

But Catherine did not answer. She kept on looking at our Lord. Her brother stood still and gazed wonderingly at her face. It seemed alight with beauty. At last with a little sigh she lowered her eyes. She began to cry. She told her brother that she had seen a lovely vision. He led her gently down the street.

From this time Catherine thought only of God and of loving Him and doing His Holy Will. She prayed constantly and tried to get her companions to pray with her. The little girl had heard about the lives of the hermits in the desert. These holy men went into the desert to be alone with God. They fasted and prayed. Catherine wanted to live as the hermits lived.

One summer day the little girl walked alone

into the country. She came to a little rocky cave beside the road. She entered the cave and knelt to pray. While she was praying God made known to her that she was too young to live alone in this cave. So Catherine came from this cave. She was afraid to go home again along the lonely road. So she knelt to pray. Suddenly she was carried in some way to the gate of the city. She did not know what happened, but she thought perhaps angels had carried her.

When Catherine was only seven she decided that she would never marry, but would be a Sister in some convent. She made a promise to God and our Blessed Mother to do this. After she had made this promise, she did everything to please Jesus. She was perfectly obedient to her parents. She helped her brothers and sisters all she could. She gave up little pleasures and did things that were hard to do. She stayed alone to pray as much as she could.

Catherine's father and mother noticed that she was different from the other children. When Catherine was twelve years old, her mother said to her father:

"Catherine will soon be old enough to marry. She is prettier than any of her sisters. Every one likes her. We must chose a fine husband for her. She must go into society more. She stays

in church too much. And she must wear prettier clothes.”

“Whatever you think best, my dear,” said Catherine’s father.

Catherine’s mother got some beautiful clothes for her daughter. Catherine’s older sister Bonaventura and her mother took great pleasure in dressing Catherine beautifully and in arranging her pretty hair. They gave her many compliments. Catherine soon got to like the pretty clothes and the compliments. She liked being popular. She almost forgot her promise to Jesus to be a Sister.

Suddenly Bonaventura got sick and died. This was a fearful shock to Catherine. She thought of how uncertain life is. She decided to give up the pleasures she had been enjoying. But her mother still wanted Catherine to marry. She did not want her to be a Sister. She knew that Catherine wanted to be a Dominican Sister. So she asked one of the Dominican Fathers to talk to Catherine and tell her not to be a Sister.

Catherine talked to the priest freely. She told him why she wanted to be a Sister. She said she wanted to give up the pleasures of the world and to live only for Jesus. Then the priest said to her:

“You have long, beautiful hair, and I think you

Little Joy of the Heart

are vain about it. If you really are in earnest about wishing to be a Sister, cut off your hair."

In those days girls wore their hair long. Catherine was vain about her hair. But she took the shears and cut it off. The priest believed her after this and promised to help her. Catherine was afraid to have her mother see her head. She wrapped a veil around her head and went home. But it did not take her mother long to see what she had done.

"What have you done?" she said to Catherine. "Every one will laugh at you. But you cannot conquer me. Your hair will grow again. In the meantime you can work in the kitchen since you cannot go into society."

Catherine then had to spend all her time with the servants. She worked till her back ached and her hands became red and rough and swollen. She had no time in which to go to the church and pray. But she prayed in her heart while she was working. She suffered the insults of her brothers and sisters and the other pains she bore, for the conversion of sinners.

Catherine's mother thought that she would soon conquer her daughter. But Catherine's father understood the child better. He began to be proud of her bravery and her strong will. One day he saw Catherine praying. He stopped

to watch her. Suddenly he saw a beautiful white dove resting in the air above his daughter's head. He went away quietly and found his wife and told her what he had seen.

"My good wife," he said, "what God claims we must give Him. He claims our Catherine, and we must not refuse Him."

Catherine's mother then understood what a great gift God had given her little girl, the gift of a religious vocation. She went with her husband to tell Catherine that she was to take her place again amongst the children. Catherine was very happy when she knew that her parents understood her better.

From this time on, the father allowed Catherine to do penance. She prayed until late at night. She slept on a board. She wore a rough shirt under her clothes. She fasted constantly. The poor mother did not like this. She loved her child and wanted her to take better care of herself. She hid the rough shirt and the plank and tried to make Catherine eat more. But Catherine begged so hard that the mother let her have the rough shirt and the plank and did not force her to eat more. Catherine also did many works of charity. She took care of the poor and sick and visited prisoners.

Finally, in 1365, when Catherine was eighteen

years old, she entered the Order of St. Dominic. She was dressed in the white robe which means innocence and the black veil which means penance.

*O Jesus dear, please give to me
The lovely flower of purity.*

HOW CATHERINE BECAME A GREAT AND FAMOUS SAINT

For three years after St. Catherine became a Sister, she kept such perfect silence that she talked to no one on earth but her confessor. During this time she was permitted by God to talk with Him and His Mother and some of the angels and saints. St. Dominic and St. Thomas of Aquin came from Heaven to her poor little room and taught her great truths, so that she became very learned though she had been in school but a few years.

Catherine became so holy that the devil got angry. He put bad thoughts into her head. She fought and fought against them, but they stayed in her head. At last, after she had prayed and fasted for a long time, the thoughts went away. Then our dear Lord appeared to Catherine.

“Oh, my dear Lord, where were You when my mind and heart were tortured with those horrible thoughts?” she cried.

"I was in your heart," answered our Lord, "and I was very proud of the fight you made against them."

On the eve of Ash Wednesday, our dear Lord came to Catherine's poor room. With Him were our Lady, St. John, St. Paul, St. Dominic, and David. Our Blessed Mother took Catherine's hand in hers and laid it in the wounded hand of Jesus. Then Jesus put a ring on Catherine's finger and said that He had taken her for His little spouse. No one but Catherine could see this ring, though she wore it always.

After three years Our Lord told Catherine to go forth from her little room and take care of the poor and sick. Catherine obeyed Him. God often had to help her to get enough food for the poor, by miraculously increasing what she had. Most of the people she took care of were grateful.

There was one poor leper woman named Tocca, however, who was not grateful for the care Catherine gave her. This poor woman was in a dreadful condition. Catherine took care of this woman for months. She bathed her sores and fed her. The woman repaid her by telling bad stories about her. Catherine knew this but still she took care of Tocca. At last Catherine's kindness won the woman's heart, and she repented of her meanness before she died.

Catherine's good influence spread all over the country. She made peace between enemies. In 1368 a revolution broke out in Siena. The nobility and the lower classes were at war. Catherine's prayers and her public speeches did much to stop the revolution. A young nobleman was falsely accused. He was condemned to death. He had led a bad life. Catherine went to the prison and begged him to make friends with God before he should die. Finally the young nobleman repented. He made his confession and got ready for death.

On the day of the nobleman's death he asked Catherine to stand by him on the scaffold, so that he would not be afraid to die. Catherine stood by him on the scaffold. When his head was cut off his blood gushed over Catherine's white robe.

Catherine became very famous. People came from near and far to hear her talk about God. Many hardened sinners were converted by just seeing Catherine. She worked many miracles. Among those who listened to Catherine was the artist Andrea Vanni. One day he saw Catherine praying in the Church of St. Dominic. She was raised from the floor while she prayed and was held in the air by miraculous force. Andrea Vanni painted a picture of Catherine as he saw her on this day. The picture made him famous.

Catherine spent days in the various Dominican convents. She wanted to stay in one of them, but God wanted her to go about doing good among the people.

At this time the pope, Gregory XI, was living at Avignon. The Italians did not like this, and so they formed a conspiracy against him. The pope sent messengers to Florence, the city that was the center of the conspiracy. The people paid no attention to the messengers. Catherine went to Avignon to see the Holy Father. Then she went to Florence.

The people of Florence listened to Catherine. They told her their plans. Catherine made several journeys between the two cities trying to make peace among the people and win their loyalty again for the Holy Father.

In 1378, Pope Gregory died. Pope Urban VI was elected at Rome. A great number of the cardinals did not think that this election was a true one, and so they elected another pope, who took the name of Clement VII and went to live at Avignon. For some time the people were divided in their loyalty, for they were not sure which was the true pope. St. Catherine went to see the cardinals who had elected Clement. She wrote to the queen of Sicily and to the kings of France and of Hungary. Catherine did much to restore peace

and order to the Church, though she died before she could see the good she had done.

During this time when she was so very busy Catherine managed to do some writing. She wrote six treatises, or explanations of the way to live close to God. She wrote a treatise on the "Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin" and three hundred and sixty-four letters.

All her life Catherine had suffered much physical pain, because she had always been in poor health. She suffered very much in her last illness, not only from physical pain, but also from the mental pain of foreseeing the troubles that were coming upon the Church of Christ. The devil came to torture her during this last illness. He put doubts about God into her mind. Finally Catherine cried out, as our dear Lord cried out in the Garden of Gethsemane before His Passion: "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

But God had not forsaken His little saint. Just before Catherine died a sweet peace came into her heart. A smile spread over her face, and she died with a song on her lips.

The body of the saint, dressed in the white robe and the black veil, was carried to the Dominican Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, and was laid in the Chapel of St. Dominic. The body re-

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mained there during three days. Many miracles were wrought during these three days. Then the saint was buried under the main altar of the church.

The walls of the little room in which Catherine died were moved to the church and were used as the walls of a chapel. Beautiful pictures were painted on them by Perugino. Once a year, on the feast of St. Catherine, this little chapel is opened to visitors.

Five great lamps burn always around the body of the saint who did so much for Holy Mother the Church.

The people of Siena wanted the body of their saint but they could not have it. Only the head of the saint was given to them. When it was carried in solemn procession through the streets of the city to the Church of St. Dominic, a woman, bent with age, who leaned on the arm of a Dominican Sister, followed with the crowd. This woman was Catherine's mother. Her heart was broken with love for her dead daughter, but it was also glad with the thought that her daughter was a saint of God.

*Dear saint, teach me your gentle ways,
To fill with kind acts all my days.*

THE PRINCE WHO RAN TO PARADISE



ST. STANISLAUS OF POLAND

THE PRINCE WHO RAN TO PARADISE

How JESUS CHOSE STANISLAUS TO BE HIS OWN LITTLE BOY

*O Jesus, may my every breath
Hold Thy dear Name until my death.*

THE Princess Margaret lay asleep in her royal bed. The perfumed breeze from the castle garden stirred the silken curtains of her bed's canopy. The moonlight lay in bars on the marble floor, where it shone through the tall narrow windows. The Princess sighed. Then she opened her large eyes wide, to look at something that shone in the darkness.

There, before her, was a word, written in the air in crimson letters from which rays of glorious light shone. Margaret traced the letters with her eyes. Then her slender white hands folded together in prayer. Her lips murmured softly the word that shone before her. The word was the Holy Name of Jesus.

Long after the word had faded into the darkness, Margaret thought about it. She thought about it for several days. Then, one night, she

saw the beautiful name of Jesus written in crimson letters across her white breast.

When it was morning, Margaret went to the kind, holy priest who heard her confessions. She told him about the Holy Name. She asked him what the vision meant. He told her that the child which would soon be born to her would belong in some special way to our dear Lord and would bring glory to His most Holy Name. This made Margaret very happy.

The child was born on October 28, 1550. Soon he was baptized and was named Stanislaus Kostka. After the baptism, the child's godfather took him and laid him at the foot of the altar. All his life Stanislaus left his heart at the foot of the altar.

Stanislaus was the second son of his parents. His brother Paul was a year older. Later, another son and a daughter came to these good parents. The mother, remembering the name of Jesus written across her breast for her little son before he was born, tried to make Stanislaus worthy of this high honor. She taught him all the virtues. The child learned them so well that people said of him: "He is an angel now, and will be a saint by and by." Stanislaus said when he was older that the first thing he could remember was the offering of himself to God.

The Prince Who Ran to Paradise

The Kostka family lived in a great castle in Poland. They dined in a large hall. Many knights dined with the lord of the castle. Sometimes these knights told coarse stories at table. Once a knight told a very bad story when the little prince was at table. Stanislaus fainted. The knights sprang to their feet. When the little boy was carried from the hall, every knight resolved in his heart not to swear or tell bad stories ever again.

While Stanislaus was small he did not go to school as you do. His father hired a teacher to come to live at the castle and teach his children. The teacher's name was John Bilinski. Years afterwards, he liked to tell of the sweet piety of his little pupil.

When Stanislaus was fourteen, he was sent to school to the Jesuit Fathers in Vienna. John Bilinski and Paul and Stanislaus with three servants rode on horseback six hundred miles to the school in Vienna. Sometimes they slept in the fields. They rode through great forests. They made their horses swim rivers. The people whom they met looked at Stanislaus and loved him.

Stanislaus was dressed in a fine costume of dark velvet. His hair was red-brown, and when he pulled off his plumed hat his hair shone in the sun. His eyes were large and dark, and always

they seemed to be laughing with joy over some lovely sight that others could not see. His eyes laughed most of all when he got down from his horse to let some poor beggar ride in his place. Then you would know that the lovely thing he saw was Christ in the person of the old beggar.

On July 26, 1564, the three riders came into Vienna. They rode to the school. Next to the house of the Fathers was a large building used as a college. This building had been given to the Fathers by Emperor Ferdinand I. The Fathers and the boys ate in the same dining-room. The priests came among the boys for recreations, too.

Stanislaus did well in his lessons. He took part in the games of the boys, and soon they all loved him for his good nature and his fun. But Stanislaus did best of all the work of becoming a saint. He heard three Holy Masses every day. He spent all his free time in the chapel. Sometimes, when he was praying, he was lifted from the floor by a power no one could see. He liked to be in church when the Fathers were praying. His brother noticed this. He did not like it. He sneered at Stanislaus and called him the Jesuit.

Everybody loved Stanislaus, because Stanislaus loved everybody. He was kind to everybody. He was always doing a favor for somebody. The boys in the school liked Stanislaus so much that

they liked to hear him make speeches about pious things. This Polish boy had a very tender love for our Lady. He talked about her so sweetly that he made the other boys love her, too.

The Emperor Ferdinand had died just before the Kostka boys came to Vienna. After a few months the new emperor, Maximilian II, said that the Jesuits could not use the building beside their house for a school. The boys from the boarding school that had been kept in this building had to find a home somewhere else.

John Bilinski and Paul and Stanislaus took lodgings in a fine house belonging to a Lutheran noble, named Kimberker. The two boys went every day to the Jesuit school for lessons. While at school they saw the boys they had lived with in boarding school. At home, however, Stanislaus had no one with whom to talk but the tutor and Paul. These two liked a gay time. They made friends with boys who were rough and careless.

Soon the Kimberker house became a gathering place for these rough boys. They had feasts and drank wine and played cards. Often they quarreled. Stanislaus always met these boys politely, for he was a gentleman, but he soon left them and went to his room. Often he was alone for hours. You may think that he was very lonely.

Not Stanislaus. He talked to God and His Mother and the angels and the saints.

This little saint always rose at midnight to pray. He stretched out his arms like a cross and prayed as long as he could hold them out. Then he crossed them on his breast and prayed. He did penances, too, that hurt. He wore a coarse shirt under his clothes.

Paul did not like prayer and penance. He got angry when Stanislaus did these pious acts. He told Stanislaus that he acted like a peasant, not like a nobleman. The tutor scolded Stanislaus. But the boy did what he thought was right. Paul sometimes beat and whipped Stanislaus. The tutor always said that Stanislaus was at fault.

Two cousins of the boys lived with them. They joined Paul in his meanness. They all slept in the same room. When Stanislaus rose in the night to pray, one of these cousins would get up also and go to him and, pretending that he did not see him, would kick him cruelly.

One night, when they had all gone to bed except Stanislaus, who was praying and reading, one of the cousins scolded the boy for staying up. He said Stanislaus was keeping the others from sleeping. Without a word, Stanislaus rose from his knees and lay down on his bed. He kept a

candle burning, so that he could read a pious book.

Stanislaus was tired, and so he soon fell asleep. The candle melted. Finally it sputtered in the holder. Some sparks flew and set fire to the bed. The cousin who had scolded him told what happened:

“The smoke and flame awoke me, and when I saw the fire all round Stanislaus, I thought he must be half burned to death. I shouted at the top of my voice, ‘Stanislaus.’ He awoke and jumped out of bed at once. We ran to his aid. Though we found all the sheets and pillows burned, he was not a bit burned—not so much as a hair of his head.”

God had taken care of little Stanislaus. God was pleased with the bravery of His young saint amid all the harsh, cruel words and acts of his family. Stanislaus endured their cruelty for two years without ever once saying a cross word to them. At last, however, all this cruelty made the boy sick. He got a bad fever. He thought he was going to die.

Stanislaus wanted the priest to come to bring him Holy Communion. Paul was afraid to bring the priest, because the Lutheran landlord would not want him to do so. To make things worse for Stanislaus, the devil tried to harm him. One day when the boy was alone and the door was closed,

he saw a great black dog with red eyes and foaming jaws rush across the room to his bed.

Stanislaus could not imagine how the dog had got into the room. Then he knew it was the devil. He sat up in bed and made the Sign of the Cross. The dog fell to the floor. Then it got up again. Again he made the Sign of the Cross. Again the dog fell to the floor. Again it got up and rushed at him. Again he made the Sign of the Cross. Then the dog gave a dreadful howl and vanished.

From that day Stanislaus grew worse. He was happy because he thought he would die, but he wanted Holy Communion. John Bilinski sat by the boy's bed through many days and nights. Then, one night, after Stanislaus had prayed very hard to St. Barbara, who takes care of the dying, the boy turned to his tutor and cried:

"Kneel down! Kneel down! Two angels of God are coming into the room. They bring me Holy Communion. St. Barbara is with them."

Then Stanislaus got up from his bed. He knelt. He struck his breast three times and said: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come to me." He opened his mouth and received our dear Lord. Then he lay down in bed and made his thanksgiving. John Bilinski was so amazed that he could not move or speak for a long time.

All the next day Stanislaus was very happy.

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He was very weak and thought he would die soon. In the evening our Blessed Mother came to the sick boy. She held the Child Jesus in her arms. Jesus stretched out His little hands to Stanislaus. The young saint sat up in bed and took Jesus into his arms. The boy wept with joy. Our Lady said to him:

“You must enter the Society of Jesus.”

Then she took the Child Jesus again into her arms and was gone. Stanislaus asked for his clothes when morning came, got up, and dressed. He had become well while he held Jesus in his arms. The tutor and Paul and the doctors were amazed at his cure. They thanked God for this great favor.

*O Jesus, help me ever be
Devout and kind, for love of Thee.*

HOW STANISLAUS RAN QUICKLY TO HEAVEN

Stanislaus had felt before our Lady’s visit that he should be a Jesuit. He had been afraid his father would be angry, and so he had not told any one. After our Lady told him to be a Jesuit, Stanislaus went to his confessor, the Jesuit Father Doni, and told him about our Lady’s visit and her command. Father Doni sent the boy to the provincial, Father Maggi. The provincial feared

to let the boy enter the Society without his father's permission. He knew that the boy's father would bring about the ruin of the Jesuit houses in Poland.

"You must either get your father's permission or wait until you are of age," he told Stanislaus.

Stanislaus knew his father would not consent. He did not want to wait for five years, till he would be of age. So he went to Cardinal Com mendoni, the Apostolic Legate at Vienna. He asked him to tell the provincial to let him enter the Society. The cardinal talked to the provincial. Soon he thought as the provincial did. This made Stanislaus feel bad, but he did not give up hope.

Stanislaus talked about his troubles to Father Antonio, a Portuguese Jesuit, who was councilor and preacher to the Empress Mary. Father Antonio gave the boy a letter to Blessed Peter Canisius, the provincial in Upper Germany, who was in Augsburg, and a letter to St. Francis Borgia, the general of the Society, in Rome.

Soon after this Paul got angry with Stanislaus. He swore at him and beat him. Stanislaus pushed him away and said: "I shall not endure more of your cruelty. I shall go away and you shall answer to our father for it."

"Get out of my sight," cried Paul.

"I shall, very soon. I am going away," answered Stanislaus.

Paul did not believe Stanislaus. When it was night Stanislaus said his prayers and went to bed. When it was morning he rose and put on his finest clothes. His suit was of velvet. His hat had a big plume on it. A jeweled dagger hung from his jeweled belt.

Stanislaus wrote a letter to Paul and his father, telling them what he was going to do. Then he went from the house. He went to the Jesuit Church and heard Mass and received Holy Communion. He called on Father Antonio and got his blessing. Then he set off for Augsburg.

Stanislaus was very handsome as he walked down the road. The peasants wondered who the young nobleman could be, as the boy with a bundle swinging from a staff over his shoulder passed them and spoke to them in a friendly way. Stanislaus met two beggars. He gave them all his money. After he had gone a few miles from the city, Stanislaus stopped. He untied the bundle. Some clothes fell out. Soon Stanislaus was dressed in a coarse tunic. He had thick shoes. He tied a rope around his waist and hung his beads to it. Then, staff in hand, he carried his fine clothes till he met a beggar. He gave the fine clothes to the beggar.

Then Stanislaus came to a stream. He drank from it and sat beside it to eat some bread. Suddenly a rider dashed up. It was Paul. His horse was covered with foam. He stopped his horse. Stanislaus walked to him. Paul did not know his brother. He asked Stanislaus if he had seen himself. He told the boy about his dress and his height. Then he said:

“My brother looks much like you.”

Stanislaus said to Paul: “Your brother came down this road to-day.”

Paul tossed some money to Stanislaus. He spurred his horse and dashed away. Stanislaus thanked God and our Lady because Paul had not known him. He hid in a cave for a few hours and then journeyed on.

Day after day Stanislaus walked along the road. Sometimes he slept in the fields at night. He walked thirty miles a day. At the end of August, 1567, he came to Augsburg. Soon he was standing at the door of the Jesuit house.

“I want to see Father Canisius,” he told the porter.

“I am sorry, but he is not in Augsburg. Wait till I call one of the other Fathers.”

The Father who came told the boy that Father Canisius was at Dillingen. He brought Stanis-

laus into the house and gave him some food. Then Stanislaus, with a lay brother, set out to walk the thirty-five miles to Dillingen. When it was night, they slept in a field. In the morning they went to the little village and entered a church. Stanislaus prepared for Holy Communion. Then he found out that he was in a Lutheran church. He felt very bad because he wanted to receive our dear Lord.

Suddenly Stanislaus saw the church filled with light. A troop of angels came to him. One of the angels carried the Blessed Sacrament. The angel gave Holy Communion to the boy.

Soon Stanislaus was with Father Canisius. Kneeling at the feet of this holy provincial, the boy gave him the letter from Father Antonio. The provincial read the letter. Then he said to the boy:

“You want to be a Jesuit. When?”

“As soon as you will let me,” answered Stanislaus.

“Are you willing to stay a while in the college as a servant?”

“As anything you wish.”

Stanislaus, the son of the rich nobleman, went into the kitchen to work. He swept floors, scrubbed them, washed dishes, helped prepare food. He ate with the servants. He spent his

free time with them. And he did all this as if he were used to doing it.

Father Canisius was pleased with the boy. After two weeks he sent for him and told him that he must go to Rome to be received into the Society, because his father had power in Dillingen and could make trouble for him. He got Stanislaus some plain, dark clothes.

At the end of September Stanislaus set out on foot for Rome, in the company of Jacopo Levanzio and Fabricius Reiner. They went south through Bavaria. They crossed the Alps, climbing higher and higher into the cold wind and the snows that lie always on these mountains. Then they came down the rugged mountains, with their small pine trees and their rushing streams, into the beautiful valleys of Italy.

On October 25, 1567, they reached Rome. Three days later, Stanislaus received his cassock and began his novitiate. Soon after this, John Kostka wrote a letter to his son. He told Stanislaus that he had disgraced the house of Kostka by going through Germany and Italy as a beggar. He said that he would come to Rome and take Stanislaus home with him and put him in chains. Stanislaus felt bad over this letter. He wrote to his father:

“Why, dear Father, are you so angry because I am a Jesuit? You ought to be glad and to thank

God again and again. Parents want the best for their children. You should be happy because I have given myself to God, Who will never fail me in this life and Who will give me eternal happiness in the next. Do not think that you can make me come home. I have my mind made up. If you really love me, pray that God will bless me and keep me for His own. Thus you will please God and will make me most grateful."

The father did not relent when he received this letter. He sent Paul to Rome to bring Stanislaus home, but the young saint had gone to his real home in Heaven before his brother got to Rome.

There were so many Jesuit novices in Rome that they could not all live in one house. They spent parts of their two years novitiate in three separate houses. Stanislaus went first to the Professed House, called then Santa Maria della Strade. Then he went to the Roman College, and then to Sant' Andrea.

Stanislaus lived just as the other novices lived. He got up early. After he was dressed he went to the chapel and thought about some event of our dear Lord's life for a half hour. After this he heard Holy Mass, and, as often as he could during the week, he received Holy Communion. After the Mass he had breakfast. He then read in a

spiritual book for a half hour. After this he worked in the kitchen.

During the morning there was usually a talk from the priest who had charge of the novices. Stanislaus also made a visit or two in the chapel. When it was time for dinner Stanislaus usually served the others and ate his own dinner afterwards. After dinner the novices had an hour for recreation. They liked to spend this time with Stanislaus because they liked him. In the afternoon Stanislaus worked and prayed and read. In the evening he spent an hour in thinking again about some event in our Lord's life or something else that would give him good resolutions.

After supper there would be another hour for talking and play. Then Stanislaus read from a spiritual book, examined his conscience, and went to bed.

Day after day Stanislaus became more holy from living in this way. There was little change in the order of the day, except the long walks that the novices took into the country. During the months that Stanislaus spent with the novices, no one ever heard him say an unkind word. He was holier than any of the others, but he did not know this. The other novices liked him better because he did not know how good he really was.

The young saint obeyed perfectly. Once the

cook told him and another novice to carry wood from the pile to the kitchen. He told them to carry only three pieces at a time. When they came to the wood pile, the other novice said to Stanislaus:

“The cook must think we’re babies. Why, we can carry twenty pieces of wood at a time.”

“Yes, we can,” said Stanislaus, “but God does not want us to do so. The cook takes the place of God in giving us commands, and the cook said to carry three pieces.”

Stanislaus prayed so earnestly that he hurt his health. His superiors told him that he must not spend so much time in prayer. The boy knew that he could make his work into prayer by offering it to God, and so he did not feel so bad when he could not spend so much time on his knees in prayer.

After Stanislaus had been a novice for nearly ten months, Father Peter Canisius came to Rome. Stanislaus was living at Sant’ Andrea. Father Canisius talked to the novices. He told them to give to every month a jolly welcome, for it might be their last. After he had finished speaking, the novices talked about what he had said. Stanislaus said to the other novices:

“What Father Canisius has told us is a holy thought for us all. For me it is even more, be-

cause this month of August will be my last month on earth."

No one paid much attention to this remark, because Stanislaus seemed to be well at this time. Even when the young saint said that he hoped to celebrate the lovely feast of the Assumption of our Lady with her in Heaven, no one paid much attention.

St. Francis Borgia taught the Jesuit priests and brothers a beautiful custom. Every one drew by lot the name of a saint for every year. This saint would be the patron and protector of the one who drew his name. The one who drew the name tried to become like the saint. After a time, the names were drawn for every month. For the month of August Stanislaus drew the name of St. Laurence.

This saint's feast comes on the tenth of the month of August. On this day Stanislaus received Holy Communion in honor of St. Laurence. During the Mass and Holy Communion Stanislaus wore on his breast a letter to our Lady. In this letter he asked her to let him be in Heaven for her feast day on August 15. The young saint asked St. Laurence to pray for his wish.

Stanislaus spent the morning of that day in the kitchen. He carried wood for the fire and washed dishes. In the evening he got sick. He was sick for two days. Then, as he seemed worse,

he was moved to a quieter room. When he got to this room he knelt on the floor and prayed. Then he made the Sign of the Cross over the bed and said:

“This is the bed on which I shall die soon.”

Those with him were frightened. So Stanislaus added: “At least, if God wishes.”

He did not get worse or better. On Sunday, August 14, Stanislaus said to the lay brother who was taking care of him:

“Brother, I shall die to-night.”

“That is foolish,” said the brother. “It would be harder to die of your sickness than to get well from it.”

At noon Stanislaus fainted. Father Fazio, the novice master, came quickly. When Stanislaus could talk again, Father Fazio said to him:

“O man of little heart, why lose courage for such a little sickness?”

“Yes, I am a man of little heart,” said Stanislaus, “but the sickness is not little, for I shall die of it.”

Soon they saw that Stanislaus was dying. When it was evening he made his confession and received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Stanislaus answered the prayers. He talked cheerfully to the novices who had gathered around his bed. Then the Fathers and novices knelt by him.

He asked them to lay him on the floor. Toward midnight they did so. They put a Rosary in his hand. Often he kissed the Crucifix.

Just before Stanislaus died, our dear Lady came for him. With her were a band of angels. Stanislaus raised himself and stretched out his arms to her. His eyes were bright with joy and his lips were smiling. Then he fell back and died. It was near the dawn on the Feast of the Assumption, 1568, when Stanislaus went with our Lady to Heaven. This was the end of the journey of the prince who ran over the long miles from Vienna to Rome, and the end of the journey was Paradise.

*O Stanislaus, please pray that I
May see our Mother when I die.*

How ST. STANISLAUS REMEMBERS CHRIST'S FRIENDS
STILL ON EARTH

Stanislaus was only seventeen when he died. He was not known in Rome, and yet, as soon as he was dead, crowds came to see him and to pray to him. St. Francis Borgia, the general of the Society, ordered the body to be put into a coffin and be buried at the right side of the high altar in the church. Flowers were placed on the body, and these with pieces of the saint's clothes were sought as reliques.

The Prince Who Ran to Paradise

All this time the Lord John Kostka was growing more and more angry because his son was a Jesuit. He sent Paul to Rome to bring Stanislaus home to Poland. Paul came to Rome in September after Stanislaus had died. You see, news did not travel fast in those days as it does now, and so Paul did not hear of his brother's death until he came to Rome.

Paul went to the tomb of his brother and wept bitterly. He was very sorry for the bad things he had done to Stanislaus. He then hurried home to tell his father about the way in which Rome was singing the praises of the little saint. The proud old father's heart was softened. He knew that Stanislaus had brought great glory to the house of Kostka, a glory greater than any that earth can give.

From this time until his death forty years later, Paul Kostka led a most holy life. He took care of the poor. He did great penances. He spent all his free time before the altar. He often asked his dear brother in Heaven to forgive his cruelty. He punished himself all during his life for his cruelty to Stanislaus. When any one talked of the saint to him Paul wept bitterly. Paul died in 1607, on November 13, the day which is now kept as the feast of Stanislaus. You may be sure Stanislaus

gave him a warm welcome when he came to Heaven.

The devotion to St. Stanislaus spread very fast. The people of Poland begged the Holy Father to declare Stanislaus their patron. The Holy Father did this after Stanislaus had received the title "blessed." Stanislaus received the title "saint" from Pope Benedict XIII, in 1726.

This lovely saint has been even more kind to others since he has gone to Heaven. He has worked many miracles for those who have prayed to him. One of these miracles was worked for a novice, Francis Xavier Salduendo, in the Jesuit novitiate at Lima. On October 27, 1673, this novice had a stroke of paralysis. His right side was just as if it were dead after the stroke of paralysis. The novice could not move his right arm or his right leg. He had to stay in bed. Several doctors came to see him. They said that if he ever got well they would be surprised.

On the evening before the feast of St. Stanislaus, November 13, the priest who heard the novice's confession, talked to him about St. Stanislaus. On the feast day a novice named John Blanco decided that St. Stanislaus would cure the sick novice. He went to see Francis. He told him that if he would promise to fast on bread and water every year on November 12, he would bring

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him a picture of St. Stanislaus and would also bring some flowers to the chapel and pray to the saint for his cure. Francis said he would gladly make the promise.

John Blanco brought the picture of St. Stanislaus to the sick novice. It was a picture of the saint receiving Holy Communion from the hands of an angel. Francis took the picture and made the promise. With his left hand he put the picture on his right arm and his right leg. Suddenly he was well. He could move his arm and leg.

The Fathers and the novices were very happy over this great favor from the saint. The doctors came to see Francis. They said that his cure was miraculous.

This lovely boy saint seems to take special care of those who are in danger of death by drowning. Sometimes he has appeared to them. In 1842, Philip Weld, youngest son of James Weld, of Archer's Lodge, near Southampton, England, was sent to school at St. Edmund's College, near Ware, in Hertfordshire. On April 16, 1846, the boys had a holiday. Philip received Holy Communion at the early Mass. In the afternoon he went boating on the River Ware with some of the boys and one of the teachers.

After several hours of fun, the teacher said they must return to the college. Philip begged to

take one more row. The teacher consented. Philip and another boy rowed down the river. When they turned the boat to come back, Philip fell into the water. The other boy shoved out an oar to him. Philip reached for it but missed it. He sank and was drowned.

The president of the college, Rev. Dr. Cox, and all the other priests and the boys felt very bad when they heard the sad news. Father Cox went to Southampton to tell the dreadful news to the boy's father. Before he reached the house he met Mr. Weld walking toward the town. Father Cox stopped the carriage, got out, and was about to speak to Mr. Weld, when the poor father said:

“You need not speak one word. I know that Philip is dead. Yesterday afternoon I was walking with my daughter Katherine, and we suddenly saw him. He was standing in the path on the other side of the road, between two persons. One of these persons was a boy dressed in a black robe. My daughter said: ‘Oh, Papa, did you ever see anything so like Philip as that?’ ‘Like him?’ I said. ‘Why, it is he!’ We walked toward these three persons.

“Philip was looking with a happy smile on his face at the young man in the black robe who was not so tall as he. Suddenly they were gone. I

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saw nothing but a country laborer, whom I had seen before through them. This made me think that they were spirits from another world. I did not tell my wife, for fear of alarming her. I waited for a letter this morning. None came. When you drove up I knew what you have come to tell me."

Father Cox was surprised at this story. He asked Mr. Weld whether he had ever seen the young man in the black robe. Mr. Weld said that he had not, but that he would know him if he should meet him again. Father Cox then told the sad story of Philip's death.

About four months afterwards, Mr. Weld and his family paid a visit to his brother, Mr. George Weld, at Leagram Hall, in Lancashire. One day Mr. Weld and Katherine went to a near-by church and then called to see the priest, Father Bateman. There was a picture on the wall. Mr. Weld looked at this picture while he was waiting for the priest. Suddenly he said :

"That is the one whom I saw with Philip. I know it is the one."

When the priest came into the room, Mr. Weld asked him about the picture. The priest said it was a very good picture of St. Stanislaus. Mr. Weld was very happy when he heard this, for he knew that the saint had taken his dear son to

Through the Lane of Stars

Heaven. The priest gave the picture to Mr. Weld. He kept it till his death, and he prayed often to the lovely little saint.

*O gentle saint, I pray that I
May have your help when I must die.*

THE FLAMING TORCH IN THE AMERICAN
FOREST



BLESSED ISAAC JOGUES OF AMERICA

THE FLAMING TORCH IN THE AMERICAN FOREST

THE BEAUTIFUL HANDS THAT WERE GIVEN TO GOD

*O Jesus, take all that is mine,
And let me evermore be Thine.*

IT was a warm September day in the year 1617. The city of Orléans in France was busy about many things. A person might have walked its streets for hours without knowing that a little victim was beginning his preparation for a great sacrifice. This little victim, like our dear Lord, was to sacrifice himself of his own will.

In a stately house Mme. Frances Jogues was sitting in a huge chair. By her side stood her ten-year-old son Isaac. She was saying to him: "Tomorrow, little son, I shall send you away from me for the first time. You will go to Orléans to school. I shall miss you greatly."

Then a tear stole down the mother's cheek. Isaac raised his small hand to brush the tear away. His mother caught the hand in hers and kissed it. Then she said:

"Such a beautiful hand, my son. I wonder

what it will do to conquer the world. Guard your hands from evil deeds, my son, and perhaps some day the good God will make you a priest. How happy I should be if I could kneel and see you lift the dear Christ in your hands!"

Little Isaac smiled into his mother's eyes and answered: "If God so wills, my Mother, I shall be a priest. I shall try to become better, every day."

Soon the boy was a student in the school of the Jesuit Fathers in Orléans. As the years passed he became very learned. He kept his resolution to become better every day. He prayed much. He was very kind to the poor.

When Isaac was seventeen he decided that God wanted him to be a priest. His father was dead, and so he asked his mother's permission. Good Mme. Jogues was happy to give her son to God. In October, 1624, Isaac entered the Jesuit novitiate at Rouen.

There he was taught and guided by Father Louis Lalemant, who wanted to be a missionary among the savages in Canada but could not. This good priest saw that Isaac was brave and strong and lovable, and so he felt that he should be a missionary. He often said to him: "Brother, you will not die anywhere but in Canada."

Isaac wanted to be a missionary, but he had not thought of America. He wanted to go to Africa.

He asked his superiors to let him go there. They told him to wait till he was older to decide.

Isaac went from the novitiate to the college of La Flêche, where he studied philosophy for three years. There were three hundred boarders and two thousand day scholars in this school. Isaac lived with the other Jesuit scholastics. Some of them were in Canada with him afterwards. Isaac heard much about the Canadian missions during these three years. He also heard about the death of Father Spinola, who was burnt in Japan in 1622; and then he, too, wanted to be a martyr and die for Christ.

Isaac was then sent to the college of Rouen to teach. He taught his students well. He also inspired them to be good. Some of them were led by his good example to become priests. At this college Isaac met Father Charles Lalemant, the first superior of Quebec, Father Brebeuf, and Father Masse. They taught him to love the Canadian missions.

At this time it was the custom in the Jesuit colleges to make the young teachers write and give a speech or recite a poem in public. Isaac wrote a beautiful Latin poem. He recited it well and received much praise.

After four years in Rouen, Isaac was sent to Clermont College, in Paris, to study theology.

This is the study of God and man's relation to Him. Isaac was very humble. He did not think he could become very learned. He wanted his superiors to let him go to be a missionary and not to make him study. But he did as he was told.

Isaac's family were pleased when he came to Paris. Soon after he came, his brother was married. His mother asked him to come to Orléans for the wedding. Isaac wrote that he could not come because he had so much to do. He said that his prayers would do them all more good than his presence would. Isaac wanted to see his family, but he knew he must make sacrifices so that he would be strong when the time came to go as a missionary.

In February, 1636, Isaac made a retreat. Then he was ordained a priest. He was very, very happy. His mother asked him to come to Orléans to say his first Holy Mass. In the Church of the Holy Cross, in Orléans, Father Isaac Jogues said his first Holy Mass. His dear mother knelt in the church. When she saw the Body of Christ lifted in the hands of her son, she remembered the day on which she had kissed his hand and had told him she wanted him to be a priest. She was so very happy that she cried. She thanked God with all her heart. Then she received Holy Communion from her son.

The rest of this day was most happy for the good mother. She could not let her son out of her sight. He was very tender toward her, because he knew he would almost break her heart on the next day.

Mme. Jogues came home from the church on the next morning. She hurried through her household duties, so that she could have time for a long talk with her son. It was hard for Father Jogues to tell his mother that he was going to America. He told her as sweetly and gently as he could. For a moment she could not understand. Then she threw her arms about him and wept bitterly.

“Oh, my boy, my little boy, I cannot let you go,” she sobbed.

There were tears in the priest’s eyes, too, but he pulled away from her clinging arms. Then he told her that she must let him go because it was the will of God. At last she gave her consent. She smiled a little, while he wiped the tears from her face.

A fleet was to sail for Canada in April. Father Jogues had no time in which to make the third year of novitiate, which the Jesuits make. So he made a retreat instead in the novitiate at Rouen. Before he left Rouen, he wrote a loving letter to his mother. He went to Dieppe and set sail from there.

With Father Jogues were five other Jesuit priests and one lay brother and M. de Chanflour, afterwards governor at Three Rivers.

*O Jesus, may I always do
Thy holy will, my whole life through.*

HOW FATHER JOGUES BROUGHT MANY SOULS TO CHRIST

Father Jogues landed at an island called Mis-
cou. He stayed there for two weeks. The other
Fathers went on to Quebec. After two weeks,
Father Jogues went on to Quebec and met the
other Jesuits who were there.

Father Jogues wrote a letter to his mother, tell-
ing her about his journey to Canada. He also
told her how he felt when he said his first Holy
Mass in the New World.

“I do not know what it is to enter Heaven, but
this I do know, that I could not think of a greater
joy in this world than that I felt when I said my
first Mass in this country, on the day of the Visi-
tation of our Lady. It was the day of the visita-
tion of the goodness of God and our Lady to me.
I felt as if it were Christmas Day for me, and as if
I were born again to a new life in God.”

When Father Jogues came to Canada, there
were six missions. There were eighteen priests

and six lay brothers. Two priests were at Cape Breton, two at Miscou, two at Quebec, five at Our Lady of the Angels, two at Three Rivers, and five among the Huron Indians.

On September 11, 1636, Father Jogues came to the village of Ihonatiria, called St. Joseph, where some of the missionaries lived. The good Fathers did their best to show their welcome, but all they could give Father Jogues to eat was a few dried fish and some roasted corn.

The long, hard journey through the rivers and swamps made Father Jogues very sick. He lay on a mat on the floor of the hut. He had a terrible fever. Father Garnier and Father Chastelain also became very sick. The priests had one hen. She did not lay an egg every day. The priests listened for her cackle. There was great joy when they heard it. Then they would decide which of the three sick priests was the one to have it. And the sick priests all refused it in favor of the others. Then the superior would make one of them eat it.

In about a month Father Jogues got well. So did all the others. The hut that had served as a hospital was then made into a school. Father de Brebeuf taught the language of the Hurons to the other priests.

Father de Brebeuf made Father Jogues stay at home till he was strong. Father Jogues took

care of the little field of wheat from which altar bread would be made. He also made a small keg of wine from wild grapes for the altar wine.

To make the Indians like them the priests lived as the savages did and ate the same kind of food in the same way. They ate on the floor and drank from cups made from bark. They ate their food from a large bark platter. This food was called sagamite. One of the Fathers said this food tasted just like the paste used for papering walls. The hut had no chimney, and so the smoke from the fire stayed in the hut. On winter nights the Fathers read their Office by the light of the fire.

The priests rose at four in the morning. They said Mass in turn till eight o'clock. At eight, they opened the door for the Indians. Some of the Fathers taught the Indians. Some went around to visit the cabins of the Indians. At two o'clock the priests had a little time for prayer. Then they had dinner. At four o'clock they sent the Indians away. Then they recited part of the Office together. After this, they talked about the needs of the missionary work. Then they studied the language. At eight o'clock they said Litanies and examined their consciences and then went to bed.

At this time a terrible disease broke out among the Fathers and the Indians. The priests went

from village to village, to baptize the dying. The poor Fathers had to give medicine to the Indians to get them not to have the medicine men. These medicine men were bad. They claimed they could make people well by bad, ugly dances and by magic charms. So the Fathers made a nice tasting drink from prunes and raisins and oranges and sugar and gave it to the Indians. Then God helped them by making the Indians get well. So the Indians liked the Fathers and listened to their preaching.

Once a big Indian chief came to ask the Fathers for some medicine for his sister who had a headache. The Fathers had once cured a sore on this chief by some salve. The chief wanted the salve. The Fathers said that would not help the headache, but the chief wanted it. He picked out the prettiest colored salves and put them on his sister's head. Next day the headache was gone. The Indian knew the salve had done the work, though the Fathers did not think so.

None of the Fathers died from the disease. This was because they each offered three Masses in honor of our Lord, of our Lady, and of St. Joseph, so that they would not be too sick to take care of the poor Indians. During this sickness the Fathers baptized more than twelve hundred persons.

In 1639 the Fathers decided to stop living in

the towns of the Indians. They felt that they could do better work if they lived by themselves. So they went to a lonely place in the northeastern part of the Huron peninsula. This place was on the bank of the Wye River, and it is easy to go from it to all parts of the country. Cardinal Richelieu in France sent money to the Fathers to build a small fort.

This new place was called the Residence of Saint Mary. A large wall was built around the fort and house and chapel and two cabins. These cabins were for sick Indians and for travelers. Father Jogues had charge of the work of building. The Indians liked to work for him. To this new mission came those who were being instructed for baptism and the poor and the sick.

About thirty miles southwest of the Huron land lived a tribe of Indians called Petun, or Tobacco Indians, because they raised so much tobacco. In 1640, Father Jogues and Father Garnier went to visit this nation. They traveled on snowshoes. Once they got lost and had to sleep in the woods. They cleared the snow from a sheltered spot. They made a bed of spruce branches. They built up a wall of branches to keep off the wind. They built a big fire and then they slept peacefully.

On the next morning they did not know which way to go. They said some prayers, however,

and started. They had only one piece of bread for food. They wandered all day long and late that evening came to a cabin. They entered and asked for shelter. The Indians made them welcome. Soon the village knew that the black gowns, as they called the priests, had come. A young man came running to tell them that a woman was dying in another cabin. The priests went to her and baptized her before she died.

These Indians, however, had heard lies about the priests, and so they were afraid of them. The women and children ran in terror when they saw the priests. A chief with whom they stayed was afraid of them. He thought they practiced magic. He was afraid when they prayed. He was afraid to have them stay in his cabin, but he could not tell them to leave, because Indians are taught to honor guests.

In every village among these Indians the same thing happened. The Indian with whom they stayed would want them to leave. He was afraid some one would come to his cabin and kill them. The Fathers stayed with these Indians two months. Then they returned to Saint Mary. The Indians did not forget their kindness, however. They thought about it for a year. Then Father Garnier returned to them and converted many of

them and built a church, called the Mission of the Apostles.

In the summer of 1641, bands of Indians came from all parts of the country for The Feast of the Dead, which was celebrated by the Algonquin Indians. Among the tribes who came were the Ottawa Indians. They liked the black gowns and asked them to come in the fall to Sault Sainte Marie, when all their tribes would gather to fish in the Great Lakes.

Father Jogues and Father Charles Raymbault went on this journey. They got into their canoes and paddled down the River Wye and into the great Lake Huron. They paddled for two hundred and fifty miles through the little islands. More than two thousand Indians waited for them. They gave presents to the Fathers and the Fathers gave presents to them. The chief of the Chippewa Indians said to the Fathers:

“Stay with us. We will love you like brothers. We will learn from you the prayer of the French. We will obey you.”

The Fathers could not stay with these kind Indians. They had to go farther to win souls for Christ. Before they left they raised a great cross. They made the cross face toward the valley of the Mississippi River, of which the Indians told them, though they never saw it.

Before winter came the Fathers returned to the Residence of Saint Mary. There they lived peacefully for some months. They learned more of the Indian languages. They prepared one hundred and twenty Indians for baptism.

Father Jogues spent all his free time with our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He prayed for martyrdom, that he might die for Christ. He had many heavenly favors during these months. Our dear Lord talked to him often. Once when Father Jogues was praying for martyrdom our Lord said to him: "Thy prayer is heard. Thou shalt have what thou hast asked for. Take courage and be strong."

This winter was very hard. The supply of food and clothing gave out. At last the Fathers had no flour to make altar bread. So, some one had to go on a dangerous journey to Quebec to get what they needed. Very cruel Indians lived on the land through which the messenger must travel. The superior asked Father Jogues to go. He said he would go gladly.

*O Jesus dear, I offer Thee,
Each grief and pain that comes to me.*

HOW THE BEAUTIFUL HANDS WERE MADE UGLY FOR CHRIST'S LOVE

On the second day of June, 1642, four canoes were tied in the harbor of Saint Mary. They had supplies and gifts for the Indians in them. Father Jogues and Father Raymbault, three Frenchmen, the Christian chief, Eustace Ahasistari, and twenty warriors got into the canoes.

The other Fathers and the Indians stood on the shore and waved as the canoes were paddled away. For thirty-five days they journeyed. Two canoes were wrecked in the rapids of the river and part of the baggage was lost. They journeyed more than six hundred miles. Then they came to the town called Three Rivers. During the journey Father Jogues took care of Father Raymbault who was sick, and he also instructed the Indians.

After a short visit at Three Rivers they journeyed on to Quebec. The Fathers in Quebec were happy to welcome them. The Indians liked the Sisters who were in Quebec. They went to the convents and hospitals just to look at the Sisters. The Indians had brought rich furs with them. They traded these for things they needed: hatchets, iron pots, knives, blankets, and firearms.

Father Jogues got some money from the Fathers. He got vestments and supplies for the

churches, and books. He got letters from these Fathers to the priests at Saint Mary. After nineteen days spent in Quebec he wanted to return. Some Hurons who were in Quebec wanted to return with him.

In twelve canoes the party set forth on the journey to Saint Mary. Two Frenchmen, René Goupil and William Couture, went with them from Quebec. A young Huron woman, named Teresa Oiouhaton, went with them also. They stopped for a visit at Three Rivers. There they celebrated the Feast of St. Ignatius, and all received Holy Communion.

On the first of August, they journeyed for thirty miles. In the evening they landed on the bank of Lake St. Peter. They camped for the night. On the next day they started on their journey. Suddenly a band of Iroquois Indians attacked them. They fired bullets into the canoes. The Huron Indians jumped into the water and swam for shore. Some of them hid in the woods and got away.

The Indian paddling Father Jogues's canoe had not been baptized. While the bullets whizzed around them Father Jogues baptized this Indian. Then they swam to shore. Father Jogues hid in some bushes. A terrible battle was fought. The Hurons and some of the Frenchmen were cap-

tured. Father Jogues could have escaped, but he did not want to leave the Christians without a priest. So he came from the bushes and walked to the guards. "Know that I belong with your captives. Do with me what you do with them," he said.

As soon as Father Jogues came among the captives René Goupil fell on his knees and made his confession. Then he said: "I am not afraid now, no matter what they do."

The good chief Eustace came to join the prisoners when he found that Father Jogues was among them. He ran to clasp Father Jogues in his arms and cried: "O my Father, I swore that I would live and die at your side. Here I am." William Couture, who had escaped, came back also. On his way he met five Iroquois. One of them fired a gun at William. William then fired his gun and killed the Indian. Then the other four Indians rushed on him. They tore off his clothes and tortured him cruelly.

The Indians brought William to the place where the prisoners were. When Father Jogues saw him he rushed to him and clasped him in his arms. This made the Indians angry. They beat Father Jogues and tore off his clothes and crushed his fingers.

The Indians took some time in which to divide

the baggage. During this time Father Jogues baptized some of the captives and heard confessions.

The Iroquois then started down the river and came to Lake Champlain. They spent several days on this journey. Often the prisoners spent days without food and nights without sleep. Mosquitoes bit them constantly, and the savages tortured them in very cruel ways.

On the eighth day of the journey they came to an island where there were two hundred savages. When these savages saw the prisoners they gave thanks to the sun, which was their god of war. They got huge clubs and stood in a double line along the shore. The prisoners were taken from the boat. They had to go through the lines of savages. The savages beat them with the clubs as they passed. They beat Father Jogues so that he fell and could not rise again. They dragged him to a platform and tortured him.

An Indian came to Father Jogues with a knife. He tried to cut off the priest's nose, but some power held him so he could not. Later he tried again, but again the power held him.

The prisoners lay on the ground that night. They got no food. In the morning the Indians journeyed on with their captives. After thirteen days' march they came, on the eve of the feast of

the Assumption of our Lady, to a village called Ossernenon. At this village the Indians again tortured their captives. When Father Jogues had walked between the lines of Indians who beat him with clubs, he was placed on a platform. The Indians crushed his fingers and finally an Indian squaw cut off his thumb. Father Jogues offered the terrible pain to God:

“Dear God, accept this thumb which has touched Thy Body, in memory of the sacrifice which for seven years I have offered on Thy altar and to atone for my want of love and reverence in saying the Holy Mass.”

When it was night, the captives were taken down from the platform and led to a cabin. The Indians fed them some roasted corn. Then they took them out and tied them to stakes.

After two days, the captives were taken to another village. They were almost naked, and so the sun caused great blisters on their bruised flesh. Father Jogues tried to cheer the other captives and make them trust in God. He baptized one with some drops of water from a stalk of corn. In this village the Indians made their captives sing. Father Jogues sang the Psalms of David. After this, the Indians tied him up by his arms and let him hang. This hurt so much that he begged them to loosen the ropes. The

Indians tied them tighter instead. Then a strange Indian came in and cut the ropes. No one knew who he was at the time.

For seven days the captives were taken from village to village and tortured. Whenever a captive wanted absolution for his sins, he would look at Father Jogues and lay his hand on his breast and look up to Heaven. The priest had to see his friends killed before his own eyes.

The priest and some of the captives were kept alive to be slaves. Father Jogues and René Gouppil were kept for three weeks in a village called Ossernenon, in New York State. They lay on the floor of the cabin or crawled about, for they were too weak and hurt to walk. Their hands were just big lumps of festered sores, and so the Indians even had to feed them. Some of the Indian women were sorry for them and bathed their wounds.

After they were able to walk about, they tried to convert the Indians. René taught a child to make the Sign of the Cross. The child's grandfather saw René do this. So he got a young Indian to kill René. The young Indian came to René when he was walking with Father Jogues. He hit René in the head with his tomahawk, or ax, and killed him. René fell on his face, crying "Jesus."

Father Jogues thought the Indian would kill

him, too, and so he knelt and bowed his head. The Indian said he could not kill him, because he was a slave to another family. Father Jogues was sent back to the family that owned him. His owner put his hand on the priest's heart to see whether it was beating fast for fear. When he found that it was not, he liked the priest for his courage.

After two days, Father Jogues went from the cabin to see what had become of René's body. He wanted to give it Christian burial. He found it in a stream of water. It had been torn by dogs. Father Jogues cried over the body. Then he hid it. On the next day he went back to bury it, but some Indians had found it and taken it away to the woods. Months afterwards, Father Jogues found the bones and buried them.

After René's death Father Jogues was alone among the Indians. Often his life was in danger, but God did not want him to die at this time. He had two books and a holy picture to make him think of God. They were all he had to comfort him.

In the fall he went with the Indians on a hunt. The Indians offered sacrifice to the god of the hunt. They were angry when he would not offer sacrifice, too. They made him work very hard. He could not eat the meat, because the Indians

offered it to the god. This made the Indians angrier than ever.

Father Jogues was sent back to the village. On the way he saved an Indian woman and her child from drowning. The child died, but he baptized it before its death. After his return to the village, he took care of an Indian who had a dreadful disease. He was very kind to this Indian. He suffered much during the long cold winter. The Indians would not let him have any covering at night.

The poor priest was very lonely. He had no one with whom to talk. He could not say Mass. There was no one to hear his confessions. He often went into the woods to pray. He cut a cross in the trunk of a tree and prayed before this cross. He even tried to make his annual retreat, though the Indians followed him into the woods. During these months of suffering God sometimes sent comforting visions to the priest.

Father Jogues tried all during this time to convert the Indians. Some of them got to like him. He called the squaw in his owner's cabin "aunt." She liked him and was good to him.

Some prisoners were brought into the village. The Indians burned one of the captured women. Father Jogues went into the flames and baptized her before she died.

A prisoner who had escaped brought news of Father Jogues to his friends in Canada. The French officials tried to get the Indians to set the priest free. They would not do this. They were proud of a prisoner who was so important to the French people. They took him on a long journey to show him to other tribes.

Once, when they stopped in a village, Father Jogues went into a cabin and saw a poor Indian dying. It was the Indian who had cut the ropes when the priest was hanging by his arms. Father Jogues told the Indian about God and baptized him before he died.

*O Jesus, grant that I may bring
The souls I love, to Thee, my King.*

How FATHER JOGUES ESCAPED FROM THE INDIANS

In August, 1643, Father Jogues went with the Indians to a fishing station on the banks of the Hudson River, about twenty miles from Rensselaerswyck, which is the present city of Albany. The Dutch people here tried to get the Indians to free him, but they would not. The Indians then went away from the village to fish.

Father Jogues heard of some Huron captives who had been brought to the village of Osserneanon. Five had been killed and four were being

tortured. He asked his "aunt" to let him return to the village. He wanted to hear the confessions of the prisoners if they were Christians or baptize them if they were not baptized. The good old woman said he could go.

On his way back Father Jogues came again to Rensselaerswyck. The Dutch governor told him it was his duty to escape, because the Indians would kill him. Father Jogues knew this was true. He thought he might be able to help the Indians more if he escaped and taught their language and customs to others who could come with him later to convert them.

Father Jogues stayed with his guards till night. They slept in a barn. When night came, the Indians lay down around the priest to guard him. They had fierce dogs also to guard him. During the early hours of the night the priest tried to escape. The dogs tore his leg dreadfully. He waited till it was early morning. Then he got out when a servant came to open the barn. He ran as fast as his hurt leg could carry him. He came to the river and got into a boat that the Dutch had put there for him. He paddled out to the ship.

The Dutch hid Father Jogues in the bottom of the hold of the ship. The place was hot and smelled bad. After two days the Dutch landed

and put Father Jogues in the care of an old Dutchman. For six weeks he lived in the garret of this man's house. He got wretched food. The old man kept the good food that the governor of the town sent to the priest.

The Indians were very angry over the priest's escape. They stayed around the fort and looked for him. The governor gave them some money, but they would not give up their prisoner.

At last Father Jogues got help. The Protestant minister, Domine Magapolensis, and some more of the Dutch people of the village took the priest in a ship down the river to New Amsterdam, as the City of New York was then called. Everybody on the ship liked Father Jogues. When they passed a little island, they named it for Father Jogues. They shot off cannon and opened bottles of wine.

The governor at Manhattan Island gave the priest a royal welcome. He set him and the minister at his own table. He gave the priest some clothes.

Whenever Father Jogues appeared on the street, crowds followed him. Once a young Polish Lutheran ran to throw himself at the priest's feet and cover his mangled hands with kisses and cry: "O martyr of Christ! O martyr of Christ!"

There were only two Catholics in the city, one

The Flaming Torch in the Forest

a Portuguese woman who could not speak French, and one an Irish Catholic who told Father Jogues of the progress of the Faith in Maryland. Father Jogues stayed in this Dutch colony till November. Then he set sail for Europe.

The journey was a hard one. The priest had to sleep on some coils of rope. His clothes were thin and the weather was cold. The food was very poor. The ship got into a storm in the British Channel and had to land in an English port. The sailors went on shore, leaving Father Jogues on the ship. During the night thieves came and stole what they could find.

In the morning Father Jogues met a French sailor. The sailor gave him some clothes. He asked the captain of a ship that carried coal to take Father Jogues to France. The captain consented. On Christmas Eve Father Jogues set forth on his journey home. On Christmas morning he landed on the coast of Brittany, near Saint Pol de Leon.

Father Jogues went to a cottage. The good people heard his sad story. They gave him some decent clothes. They took him to church. For the first time in thirteen months Father Jogues went to confession. Then he went to the altar rail and received the Blessed Body of Christ.

After he had breakfast the priest went back to

the ship. A merchant named Berson, from Rennes, had come to the ship on business. Father Jogues went to him and asked him to have pity on him. The merchant thought he was a beggar and gave him a coin. The priest refused it. The merchant offered two coins. Again the priest refused. Then he whispered: "My very dear sir, have pity on me. I am a Jesuit Father."

The merchant was amazed. He gladly did all he could for Father Jogues. He took the priest into his care and paid his way to the Jesuit college at Rennes. After five days' travel Father Jogues came to his brothers in Christ. It was early in the morning. The porter could not imagine who the miserable man in the sailor's cap could be, but he let him in when the priest said he wanted to see the Father Rector.

The Father Rector was vesting for Mass, but he went to the hallway to see the poor man waiting for him. Father Jogues told the rector he had come from Canada. The rector asked for news of Father Jogues.

"I am he," said Father Jogues and knelt to ask the rector's blessing. The rector clasped him to his heart and called in all the Fathers. And on that day there was joy in every heart.

Father Jogues went from Rennes to Paris. All France rang with his praises. The queen of

France asked to see him. She wept when she saw his poor mangled hands. They were no longer beautiful as they had been when his mother wished to give them to Christ. Father Jogues was not allowed to say Mass with such hands. But the Holy Father heard of the poor hands that had suffered so for Christ, and said: "It would be unjust that a martyr for Christ should not drink the Blood of Christ."

So Father Jogues was allowed to say Mass with his mangled hands.

*O holy saint, may I, like you,
Think of my God, in all I do.*

How FATHER JOGUES WON THE CROWN OF
A MARTYR

This eager missionary asked permission to return to Canada. It was granted. In the spring of 1644, he set sail for Canada from Rochelle. He came again to Canada. In July, 1644, he attended a meeting of Indian chiefs at Three Rivers. Many presents were exchanged between the French and the Indians. Terms of peace were accepted by both. Then they had feasting and singing and dancing. Then the Indians went home.

Months passed. The priests decided to send messengers of peace to the Iroquois Indians.

Father Jogues was asked to go on this mission. He consented gladly. Father Jogues and M. Bourdon set out from Three Rivers in May, 1646, with two Algonquin Indians and four Iroquois Indians to be their guides and to take them to the Indian rulers. They had a long, hard journey. When they came, on June 5, to the village of the Iroquois Indians, called Ossernenon, the savages crowded about the priest. Some of them had tortured him, but they pretended not to remember it.

A great assembly of chiefs met. Father Jogues talked to them. He told them that peace had been made between them and the French. He gave them beads to buy the young Huron captive Teresa and a captive Frenchman. The Indians listened quietly. They seemed pleased by what Father Jogues said. He told them that they were also friends with the Algonquin Indians and the Hurons. Then they exchanged presents. Father Jogues stayed here for a few days. During these days he heard the confessions of the Christian captives and baptized some sick children. Then he returned to Quebec.

Father Jogues was hopeful of converting the Iroquois after this visit with them. In September he set out on another journey to the Iroquois country. He was going to spend the winter with these Indians and try to convert them. A young

The Flaming Torch in the Forest

Frenchman, John de la Lande, and some Huron Indians went with him.

After a hard journey he came to the Mohawk tribes of the Iroquois. They pretended to be friends with him, but they were not. On his earlier visit he had left with the Indians a small box which had some clothes and religious articles in it. This was like a promise to return.

The Indians were afraid of this box. They believed in magic powers. At this time many Indians got sick from a disease. Worms destroyed their crops. They thought the missionary's little box was the cause of all their trouble. They decided to go to war again against the French and the Huron and the Algonquin Indians.

A war party set out. They met Father Jogues and his companion, de la Lande. They fell upon them and tore off their clothes and beat them. Then they took them to the town of Ossernenon where Father Jogues had been a captive for thirteen months. This town is now called Auriesville, in the State of New York.

The tribes held a council. Some of the Indians did not want to put the priest to death. Some of them did want to do so. The Indians of the Bear family wanted to kill Father Jogues, but they were told that they could not do this.

On October 18, 1644, some of these Indians of

Through the Lane of Stars

the Bear family came to ask Father Jogues to eat in their cabin. The priest went to their cabin with them. When he entered an Indian struck him in the head with a tomahawk. Father Jogues fell to the ground crying, “Jesus, Jesus!” In a few minutes he was dead. The Indians cut off his head and stuck it on a pole facing the road. Early the next morning they killed his companion, de la Lande, in the same way.

Now the church has given this holy martyr the title “blessed.”

*O holy saint, please pray for me,
That brave in trial I may be.*

THE LITTLE GIRL OF OUR LADY



BLESSED BERNADETTE OF LOURDES

THE LITTLE GIRL OF OUR LADY

THE MIRACULOUS FOUNTAIN OF OUR LADY

*O Virgin Mother, sweet and mild,
Keep me and love me as thy child.*

ONCE, many years ago, God looked down from Heaven upon the world. He said: "People are so busy in trying to make money that they are forgetting Me. They have invented so many marvelous things that they are becoming proud of their power. They think they do not need Me. They do not pray. This is sad. If I should take away My help, they would all die. They will fall into sin and lose their souls if they do not pray. I must do something to make them think more of Me."

What do you think God did? He sent His dear Mother to earth. She caused a miraculous fountain to spring from the earth in a very dry place. The water of this fountain has power to heal sick people. Therefore it is miraculous water. It works miracles. Nothing can work miracles without God's help. So, when people are cured by this water they know God helped them. Then they love God's dear Mother more, because she caused

the fountain to come from the earth. They also love a little girl named Bernadette, whom our Blessed Mother chose to help her in causing the fountain to come from the earth.

If you knew that our Blessed Mother was coming to visit the earth, you would want to build a grand palace in which to receive her. You would want to have the most beautiful women and the finest men to welcome her. But our Lady did not come to a grand palace. She did not come to rich and famous people.

She came to a lonely place, where there was not even one house. She came to a poor little girl who could not write or read even as well as you can. Just think! This little girl was fourteen years old and she could not write or read. This was because she was very poor. She had to stay in the fields and take care of sheep instead of going to school.

Why do you think our Lady came to this poor little girl? It was not because the little girl was rich or pretty or clever. It was not because she was famous. Our Lady came to her because she was good. Our Lady likes good little girls and boys.

Now the lonely place to which our Lady came is known all over the world. This place is near the town of Lourdes, in France. People come to this

The Little Girl of Our Lady

place from all over the world. They give praise to our Lady by coming. They give praise to Bernadette, too.

Many of them are sick when they come. Many of these sick people are well when they leave. They get well by drinking of the miraculous water and by bathing in it. When very sick people get well suddenly by drinking of this water, it is because God has worked miracles in honor of our Lady's fountain. Hundreds of people see these miraculous cures. Doctors see them, too. Doctors know whether miracles have been worked for sick people.

Some of the sick people do not get well at Lourdes. But they get a greater favor than health. They get patience to bear their sickness to help Jesus to convert sinners. This pleases Jesus very much.

*Dear Jesus, I will gladly take
All trials that come, for Thy sweet sake.*

THE CHILDHOOD OF BERNADETTE OF LOURDES

The country of France is divided from the country Spain by the Pyrenees Mountains. The river Gave starts in these mountains. It flows down across southern France. It joins another river

and empties into the Atlantic Ocean. On the bank of the river is the town of Lourdes.

A good family named Soubirous lived in this town. The father's name was François and the mother's name was Louise. The father was a miller. On January 7, 1844, a little daughter was born to them. They named her Bernadette.

When the baby was five months old her mother got sick. She could not take care of her baby. So little Bernadette was taken to live with a family in the village of Bartres, about two miles from Lourdes.

Bernadette lived with this good family almost all the time until she was fourteen years old. Her own parents had five other children during these years. They were so poor that the father had to sell his mill and go to work for wages.

Bernadette took care of sheep as soon as she was old enough. She stayed out in the mountain valleys alone all day long. She knew very few prayers. She liked to say the Rosary, and so she said it often during the day.

The poor little girl had no playthings. So she played with stones. She made little houses with them. She played with flowers, too. She played with the wee lambs, too.

Once she said: "Of all my lambs the one I love best is the smallest one."

When Bernadette was fourteen years old her family brought her home so that she could take instructions from the priest to make her First Holy Communion.

Bernadette had been at home two weeks when Ash Wednesday came. On the day before, Shrove Tuesday, Mme. Soubirous said to her daughter Marie: "Go and gather some wood on the bank of the Gave, so that we can make a fire."

French children wear heavy shoes called *sabots*. Marie put on her *sabots*. Bernadette watched her. Then she said to her mother:

"May I please go with her? I also will bring back a little bundle of wood."

"No," said her mother, "you have a cold. You might make the cold worse."

Just then their little cousin Jeanne came in from the next house. The three little girls coaxed Mme. Soubirous to let Bernadette go to gather wood. Finally Mme. Soubirous said she could, but she must put on stockings and *sabots* and wear a *capulet*, or shawl, over her head and shoulders. So Bernadette put on her white *capulet*. She looked nice with the soft white cloth about her face. She had brown eyes and black hair.

The three children walked along the bank of the river. The banks of this river are steep and rocky. The little girls gathered bits of wood and

ties them in small bundles. At last they came to the rocks that rise highest on the bank of the Gave. A mill stream ran at the foot of these rocks, between the rocks and the river. The people call these rocks Massabielle, which means Old Rocks. There are three great holes in these rocks. One is placed so that you can walk right into it. Above it are two other holes. One is small. The other is big enough for a person to stand in it. At the base of this hole a wild rose vine is growing.

On this day the mill stream had been turned off, so the men could repair the mill wheel. The bed of the stream was almost empty. The children saw plenty of wood on the other side at the feet of the Old Rocks. Marie and Jeanne took off their *sabots* and waded across.

"It is very cold," they said, as they came out on the other bank and put on their *sabots*. Bernadette had started to take off her *sabots* and stockings, too. She was slower than the other girls because she had to take off the stockings, too.

Just when she started to pull off her first stocking, she heard a sound like a great, roaring wind. She looked around and was surprised because the poplar trees were not moving in the wind.

"I must have just thought I heard it," she said. She started again to take off her stocking.

Again she heard the roaring sound. She uttered a cry of fear and looked up at the rocks. Suddenly she dropped to her knees. What do you think she saw?

In the upper hole in the rock with the wild rose at its base, she saw the loveliest Lady. A beautiful light floated around the Lady. She was dressed in a pure white dress. A white mantle covered her head and fell gracefully over her shoulders. There was a blue girdle around her waist, knotted in front and hanging to the bottom of her gown. On each of her bare feet was a golden rose, from which light streamed. Her eyes were lovely. Her face was the most beautiful face ever seen.

At first Bernadette was afraid. Then the Lady smiled into her eyes, and she was not afraid. She said her Rosary. The Lady had a white Rosary with her. As Bernadette recited the prayers the Lady slipped her beads along, too. She did not say the "Hail Mary's" with Bernadette. She did say the "Glory be to the Father." After Bernadette had finished the Rosary, the Lady disappeared.

Jeanne and Mary had by this time gathered many sticks. They looked across the stream to see why Bernadette did not come to help them. They saw her kneeling.

They called to her: "Come, Bernadette, and help us."

Bernadette got up from her knees. She took off her stockings. She waded across the stream. Then she helped her companions. She was very quiet. After the sticks had been gathered, Jeanne and Marie ran and played. Then Bernadette said to them: "Did you not see anything strange at the Grotto?"

"No," they answered. "Why do you ask?"

"If you saw nothing," replied Bernadette, "I have nothing to tell you."

Jeanne ran on ahead. Marie coaxed Bernadette to tell her what she had seen. Bernadette then told her sister about the beautiful Lady. She told Marie to keep secret what she told her. Marie was rather afraid because she did not know who the Lady was. When she got home she told her mother. Mme. Soubirous said to Bernadette:

"You just thought you saw something. I do not want you to go there again."

This made Bernadette feel very bad, because she wanted to see the lovely Lady again. But she obeyed her mother. On the next Sunday, however, the children wanted to go to the Grotto. They all coaxed Mme. Soubirous. Finally she said they might go.

The children took some Holy Water with them.

The Little Girl of Our Lady

They wanted Bernadette to throw some Holy Water on the Lady. If she were not good, but was an evil spirit, the Holy Water would keep her from harming them. Bernadette could not think the Lady was evil, but she knew the devil can do strange things.

The children came to the Grotto. They knelt and began the Rosary. Soon the Lady appeared. Only Bernadette saw her. She threw Holy Water on the Lady and said: "If you come on the part of God, come closer to me."

The Lady smiled graciously and walked to the edge of the rock. This made Bernadette very happy. She finished her Rosary. Then the Lady vanished.

*Sweet Mother, may I say my Rosary,
Each day, with ever growing love for Thee.*

HOW OUR LADY CAUSED THE FOUNTAIN TO SPRING FROM THE EARTH

When the little girls came home from the Grotto, they told about the Lady's second visit there. Soon every one in the town knew about it. Many persons came to see Bernadette and ask her about the Lady.

On the next Thursday Bernadette went to the Grotto. The Lady came again. She told Berna-

dette to come every day for two weeks. The Lady said she wanted many people to come with Bernadette.

Bernadette went every day to the Grotto. Crowds of people followed her. When the Lady came to visit her the ninth time a marvelous thing happened. After Bernadette had finished her Rosary, the Lady said to her: "Go and drink from the fountain. Wash your face in it."

Bernadette did not know what to do. There was no fountain near the Grotto. She walked toward the river. The Lady called her back. She pointed to a corner of the Grotto. "It is here," she said.

Bernadette went to the place. There was just dry ground there. Then she stooped low and dug a little hole in the ground. Water came up into the hole. Bernadette lifted some of the water in her hand to her mouth and drank it. Then she washed her face in it. She prayed again. The Lady vanished.

After Bernadette had gone home, the people who were there looked at the new fountain. They knew the Lady must have great power to make the fountain come in that dry place. They felt sure that the Lady must be our Blessed Mother.

Bernadette came again and again to the Grotto.

The Little Girl of Our Lady

When our Lady came for the sixteenth time she told Bernadette who she was.

Hundreds and hundreds of people came to the Grotto with Bernadette this time. Just imagine! The Lady was there already waiting for her. Bernadette fell to her knees and began to pray. She knew that the Lady would tell her name on that day. It was the twenty-fifth of March. On this day the church celebrates the visit of the angel Gabriel to our Blessed Mother, when he told her that she was to be the Mother of God.

Bernadette said her Rosary. Then she asked the Lady: "Madame, will you kindly tell me your name?"

The Lady smiled very sweetly, but said nothing. Bernadette repeated her question twice. After she had asked the third time, the Lady clasped her hands and raised her eyes to Heaven. Then she reached out her hands toward the people and said:

"I am the Immaculate Conception."

Then she vanished. This is our Lady's dearest title after the Mother of God. It means that she is the only person who has never had the stain of sin upon her soul. Our Lady did not need to be baptized as we did. We had no grace in our souls until we were baptized. Our Lady always had grace in her soul. When the angel Gabriel came

to tell her that she was to be the Mother of God, he said: "Hail, Mary, full of grace." God told him to say this. God had not let His Mother's soul be in the state of original sin.

*O lovely Mother, full of grace,
Prepare my soul to see thy face.*

THE MIRACULOUS POWER OF OUR LADY'S FOUNTAIN

Of course the people who had come to the Grotto with Bernadette were very, very happy when they knew that the beautiful Lady was our dear Blessed Mother. There were in the town of Lourdes, however, many people who did not believe that Bernadette really saw our Blessed Mother.

The mayor of the city said that nobody could go to the Grotto. He did this because the prefect of the district made him do it. He did not want to. The people would not obey. Many were arrested. Some people of rank and power also disobeyed. Finally the emperor of France said the prefect should not keep the people away.

You would think every one would have believed that the fountain really was given power by God. Within a few days after it appeared, many people were made well when they drank the water.

The first person who was cured by the miracu-

The Little Girl of Our Lady

lous water was a poor workman of Lourdes. Twenty years before this time, the man, whose name was Louis Bouriette, had been hurt in an explosion. His right eye was hurt so badly that he could not see. During all those twenty years it had pained him very much. When he heard of the new fountain he said to his daughter:

“Go and bring me some of this water. The Blessed Virgin, if the Lady is she, can cure me.”

“Father,” said the little girl, “it is only muddy water.”

“That does not matter. Go and bring it,” he said, and began to pray.

The little girl brought him some of the water from the fountain. He prayed and bathed his sore eye. Suddenly he could see as well as anybody. He was very happy.

On the next day he met Dr. Dozons on the street. He said to the doctor: “I am cured. I can see.”

“That is impossible,” said the doctor. “Your eye cannot be cured. The medicine I have given you was just to help the pain.”

“It is not you who cured me,” said the poor man. “It is the Blessed Virgin of the Grotto.”

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. “That is foolish. The water could not cure sickness that is incurable.” He took a piece of paper from his

pocket and wrote something on it. "Read this, and I will believe that you are cured."

He put his hand over the man's left eye, and held the paper before his right eye. The laborer looked at the paper. Then he read aloud: "Bouriette has a dead optic nerve. He will never see again."

The doctor was as surprised as could be. He said: "I cannot deny it. It is a miracle, a true miracle. I cannot understand it. It is beyond human understanding."

You can imagine how happy this made the good people of Lourdes. Everybody knew Louis Bouriette and liked him. They gave great praise to our Blessed Lady. In the evening the good laborer and several other laborers went to the Grotto and made a path for the people to walk on. They also made a trough for the water to flow into, so that the people could get it more easily.

A few days after this another miraculous thing happened. About five hundred people were at the Grotto when it happened. In the home of a poor laborer a little child only two years old was dying. It had always been crippled. Now it had a fever and it had become very thin and weak. The father and mother were crying. A good neighbor was there making a little dress for the child to be buried in.

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The little eyes became glassy. The little arms and legs became stiff. The little heart stopped beating.

“Our baby is dead,” said the poor father.

“Go and weep by the fireplace,” said the good neighbor to the poor mother. “I will see after everything.”

But the mother did not do this. Suddenly she caught the child up in her arms. She wrapped it in her apron, saying: “He is not dead. The Virgin of the Grotto will save him.”

She ran to the Grotto. Pushing through the crowds of people, she prayed aloud and knelt before the fountain. Then she uncovered the lifeless little body. She made the Sign of the Cross on it. Then she plunged it into the icy water. The people cried out:

“She is crazy. She will kill her child.”

“Do not stop me,” she said to them. “I am doing all I can. God and the Blessed Virgin will do the rest.”

After holding the little body in the water for fifteen minutes, she carried the baby home. She laid it in the cradle.

“Can you not see that he is dead?” asked the father.

“No, he is not dead,” she said, “the Blessed Virgin will cure him.

In a few minutes she cried: "See! He breathes!"

It was true. Soon the gray color of the baby's skin turned to pink. He fell softly asleep. He slept all the night. In the morning he cried for food. The mother fed him. She then went out of the room. When she returned, what do you think she saw? Her little crippled baby was walking around the room just as well as any child. He was not crippled any longer. My, but that mother was happy!

There have been hundreds and hundreds of such cures at Lourdes. Just to go to this holy place where our dear Lady came is a great privilege. Of course it costs money to go there. So our Blessed Mother inspired the ones who take care of the fountain to put the water in little bottles and send it to any one who wants it. Many sick persons in all parts of the world have been cured by this miraculous water.

*O Mary, guard my soul from sin,
And help me Heaven's joys to win.*

How LITTLE BERNADETTE REMAINED ALWAYS HUMBLE

Our Lady told Bernadette that she wanted processions to be held at Lourdes. Bernadette told

The Little Girl of Our Lady

this to the priests. The first procession was held on April 4, 1864. It was beautiful. About fifty thousand people of all ranks were in the procession.

Of course you think little Bernadette had the place of honor in this procession. It is true that the people sang her praises. It is true that on that day priests were telling her wonderful story from pulpits all over the world. But Bernadette was not in the procession. She was very sick in a hospital for the poor. She might have become proud if she had heard the people praising her, so our dear Lord let her be too sick to go to the procession.

Two years after this, Bernadette became a Sister of Charity. She was called Sister Marie Bernard. She was a very good and humble Sister. She took care of sick people. She did not mind how much trouble they gave her. She made many of them better by her prayers. God answered her prayers for others very quickly.

Of course many people came to see Bernadette. They wanted to see the little girl who had been so honored by our Lady. Bernadette did not like to have people come to see her. She wanted to be unknown to all.

Once a Sister asked her: "Do you not ever feel proud because our Lady came to see you?"

“That is foolish,” said Bernadette. “I know that our Lady chose me to do her work because I was ignorant and poor. She did not need a learned helper.”

Once a Sister showed Bernadette a picture of the Grotto. She looked at Bernadette with great reverence. Bernadette said to her:

“What do you do with a broom after you have swept the floor?”

“I put it away in a corner,” answered the Sister.

“That is just what our Lady did with me,” said Bernadette. “She used me to do her work and then she put me in a corner. I want to stay hidden away from the public.”

Bernadette worked very hard during the rest of her life. She tried to stay hidden from those who wanted to pay her homage. She suffered much pain during all her life and especially just before her death. She offered all the pain for the souls of sinners. She said she was glad to suffer for sinners. She wanted to go to Heaven to be with our Blessed Mother always. Once a little girl said to her:

“Was the Blessed Virgin very beautiful?”

“So very beautiful that since I saw her, I want to die just to see her again,” answered Bernadette.

All the Sisters were kneeling around Bernadette's bed when she died. She said the prayers with them. She was saying, "Holy Mary, Mother of God," when she died. She was thirty-five years old when she died. It was on April 16, 1879.

Bernadette was buried in the Chapel of St. Joseph, in the center of the garden at the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity. On April 18, 1925, her body was taken from its tomb. It was just as it was when she had been buried. When God keeps a person's body from decay, the person is usually very dear to Him because of great goodness.

The body of this holy Sister was placed in a beautiful reliquary. Hundreds of people came to do homage to the body of our Lady's little friend, Bernadette. After this ceremony the body was put into a new casket and was again put into the tomb. Many persons go daily to visit her tomb.

On June 14, 1925, our Holy Mother Church gave the title "blessed" to Bernadette. Many favors have been received by those who pray to this sweet little friend and helper of our Blessed Mother. Perhaps some day, before many years have gone by, the Church will give her the only really worth-while title there is—the title "saint."

To be a saint means to be God's special and chosen friend. To be loved by God is the only

Through the Lane of Stars

thing that really matters in life. If God sees that we are good enough to be loved He will take us to Heaven when we die. Then we shall be perfectly happy.

*Dear Bernadette, help me, like you,
To be devout and kind and true.*

AFTERWORD

*For the Parents of Tom and Mary and John and
Helen and the Other Boys and Girls Who Open
This Book*

YOUTH, thank God, must have its heroes and heroines.

You and I have seen the clay feet of so many idols that we are not so sure that the glittering hero is really pure gold and the lovely blond heroine has beauty from within.

But to youth, the heroes are fine and shining and true and noble, without flaw or blemish, and the heroines are radiantly lovely and pure; princesses by right of virtue as well as by right of inheritance or adoption.

Yet, even if we grow skeptical with years, would we for a moment give up one of the heroes or heroines whom we adored as children? Not I, for one, and not you nor you nor you, for another and a third and a fourth. We are better for the admiration we gave so generously to our youthful ideals.

Now I am not of that timorous breed that believes that a child who idealizes Robin Hood will

turn out a highwayman, or that the toddler who pipes joyously, "Tom, Tom, the piper's son," will on the first opportunity run off and rob a meat market. I don't even believe that the reading of Goldilocks has anything to do with the popularity (and possible vanity) of blondes, real or developed or transformed, and still less that the reading of *The Sleeping Beauty* will encourage laziness.

Yet, it would be fine if the heroes and heroines of our youth always stood the test of maturer judgment. It would be ideal if the men we admired when we were boys seemed just as heroic when we studied them with calm, adult eyes, and the heroines we loved with palpitating youthful hearts seemed just as pure and fascinating when we gazed upon them with the skepticism born of frequent disappointment.

And we must admit, regretfully, that in the light of later knowledge, many of our nursery heroes turn out to be scamps, and many a fairy-tale heroine is a pretty selfish baggage with only golden hair and a saccharine smile to recommend her.

Is there, then, a race of heroes and heroines we can offer to our children with the certainty that no later disillusionment will topple the youthful idols from their place and make the freely given love of childhood seem wasted and misdirected?

Of course there is. There are the Saints.

Afterword

Heroic always, splendid types of fighting manhood and courageous womanhood, they are dearer to us with each year of knowledge and study. They lift us up in childhood to noble aspirations; they spur our adult feet with the vision of humanity's possibilities. Out of all our human race, they alone never disappoint.

So give your children the Saints to know and love, and in later life no disillusionment will snatch from them their beloved heroes and heroines.

Sister Mary Eleanore is the perfect guide to lead your children into the true fairyland where the Saints led gigantic lives and performed incredibly splendid and beautiful deeds. Let her take your children to the Saints and make them friends for life.

Certainly, in this book, she has sketched the Saints in so heroic a guise that no giant-killer walking out of the pages of an ancient ballad seems half so splendid. Yet, as the children read, they will realize (as they certainly do not realize when they read of the fairy-tale heroes) that these are really brothers and sisters, human beings of flesh and blood, and hence quite capable of imitation.

Just that capacity for imitation makes the Saints the perfect heroes and heroines of childhood. They may know that they will never be

able to find a fire-breathing dragon to slay, these children of yours; but they will find their hot temper that leaps up so readily and demands victims so fiercely. They may not meet a giant in their walk through the park, but they will meet temptations that seem more forbidding than any giant. No witch threatens their happiness; yet evil lurks everywhere. And while they can never aspire to the marvels of the fairy-book heroes, they have every reason for knowing that they can aspire to the highest and most incredible marvels of the Saints.

So, as they read of the Saints and watch in them the heroic heights to which human nature can aspire, they may cry with the wounded Ignatius: “What they have done, I too can do.” And that is what makes the Saints so precious to youth.

Let Sister Mary Eleanore, then, take your children by the hand and say, as she does so graciously:

“Children, meet the brave heroes and heroines who have made the world so much sweeter and finer. Blessed Saints, look down upon and bless with your inspiration these little ones.”

Then, as they sit at her feet and listen, courage and faith and the love of God, purity, unselfishness, the love of fellow men, will be implanted or strengthened in their hearts.

Afterword

Perhaps, who knows, as your child meets some of the Saints in this book, he or she may trustfully clasp that Saint by the hand and take the first adventurous steps in the road of high Sanctity.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

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